LOOKING FORWARD

WAR, LIKE GOLF, is a game to which large sections of humanity are addicted—sections which, when excited, consider it the only final test. The trouble with playing it is that the bunkers are full of dynamite and all the greens are mined, and every time it is played, everybody loses.

AT LONDON, a large group of gentlemen are engaged in discussing this game. They are immensely sincere; they have extraordinary difficulties to overcome; they need all the assistance they can get in the way of sympathy and consideration. For each one is answerable to his home club for any changes that may be made in the game. And in every home club the men who have most to say are the professionals—because they know most about it. Woe to the man who, in the opinion of the club professional, lets down the home club.

THIS BEING THE CASE, by common consent, all discussion of the game itself has been waived. For, among others, one of the leading players, Uncle Sam, has made it perfectly clear for the last ten years that he did not consider it practical to discuss too definitely the game itself or his necessity for playing it. He will discuss only the question of clubs—brassies, putters, mashies, drivers, mid-irons, and so forth. And he has made it clear again, lately, that he wants as effective a bag of them as has John Bull—a pretty good player.

THE RESULT is simply a discussion of war clubs by men who, being amateurs, must rely in the end on the Walter Hagens and Jean Sarazens of London, Washington, Paris, Rome and Tokyo. All success to their efforts. But let us not delude ourselves. It will take many conferences to get anywhere. For, when the next game starts, everybody will still want to win.

LET US, then, not confuse the two things. The London Conference is not taking steps in the direction of peace. It is merely trying to save money for the various nations involved.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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THE RAKE'S PROGRESS
Prison Scene
An engraving from the painting by Hogarth.

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Outlook
and Independent

February 5, 1930

Thief's Progress

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

Here is an unsparing revelation of thirty years in the life of a young man who has served six prison terms and two periods in insane asylums. During those years he progressed from petty thief to expert shop-lifter, trying many times to reform but always by a perverse kind of logic, returning to his old practices, and to his men and women friends of the underworld. It is more, however, than a picaresque tale; it is essentially the searching account of a long and eventually winning fight "to find a way of life that would bring happiness instead of the increasing unhappiness" that came to its climax in an attempt at suicide. Mr. Coffey is now married and lives in New York, where he is a wood dealer

I WAS BORN in August, 1894, in Oswayo, an out-of-the-way village in northwestern Pennsylvania. Between four and five hundred people lived there in frame houses strung along and across a narrow valley shut in by high, thick-wooded hills. Through it rushed a shallow creek, fed by brooks from the hills. Leather-tanning was the chief industry of the place; the surrounding thick woods supplied cheaply the tree-bark needed in its process. It supported more than half of the inhabitants. The rest, except a few storekeepers, lived by farming. My father worked as night-watchman in the tannery. We lived in one of a double row of frame houses built by the tannery company and rented to its employees. Behind the house we had a small garden.

My father and mother had been born in the same Irish village, and until their early twenties had lived there, each in a large family, on small neighboring farms owned by a British landlord. Because my father's parents thought him the scholar of the family they wanted to make him a priest, and let him continue at school after he had learned reading, writing and arithmetic. When he was sixteen he taught a primary grade in the village school. The Irish rebellion against England and her landlords had, under the leadership of Parnell, become violent. An organization called the Land League had been formed by Parnell to effect a boycott of every Irish home and farm from which a tenant had been evicted. My father became an active member. Soon British soldiers came to arrest him. He escaped, and with borrowed money reached Queenstown, where he boarded a ship for America. He landed in New York with seven pence in his pocket. The next day he got work as a laborer in a fertilizer factory near Newark, N. J. After a few weeks he got a better-paid and more congenial job as a gardener on an estate near West Point, N. Y.

His lonliness there drove him to seek companions at the hotel in the nearest town. Soon he was spending all he earned drinking and playing pool. At last a letter came from my mother, who had left Ireland and gone to Philadelphia, where she had got work as a domestic. He quit going to the hotel. He bought a history of Ireland and a book called *The Wonders of the World* that he had seen advertised. Looking ahead to getting married, he made up his mind to save his money and use his education to get a good job.

My mother had gone to school only long enough to learn the three R's. Reading *The Lives of the Saints* and thinking about what they did and endured helped her to make light of hard work and poverty and of her lack of learning. "Do good and avoid evil" she made her motto. In Philadelphia she worked steadily, saved all she earned except what she sent home and gave to the Church, and planned for the home and the children she hoped to bear.

When she and my father had been corresponding for months he heard from a cousin living in Oswayo that he could get a job in the tannery there at good pay and that living was very cheap. He answered that he'd soon be there. He quit his job, drew his money from the bank and went to Philadelphia. When he and my mother had been married they went at once to Oswayo. They worked and saved. Children came and made them busier and happier. When more food was needed my father rented two acres on a nearby farm. Also, to save money, he paid his taxes by working several days each year on the county roads, without taking time off at the tannery. A few months before their fourth child—myself—was born, and while the "panic of 1893" still swept the country, news came of the complete failure of the bank which held their savings.

"Pa was so mad he wanted to kill the head of the bank," my mother said years later. "He got drunk and tried to get a gun. But you were soon to be

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born and Mary and James and Nellie were all small, so he gave up the idea. It was our worst time."

They kept on working and saved again. But the blow to my father's ambitions made him drink occasionally and he became more anxious about money. Two more children came in the next few years and added to his problem.

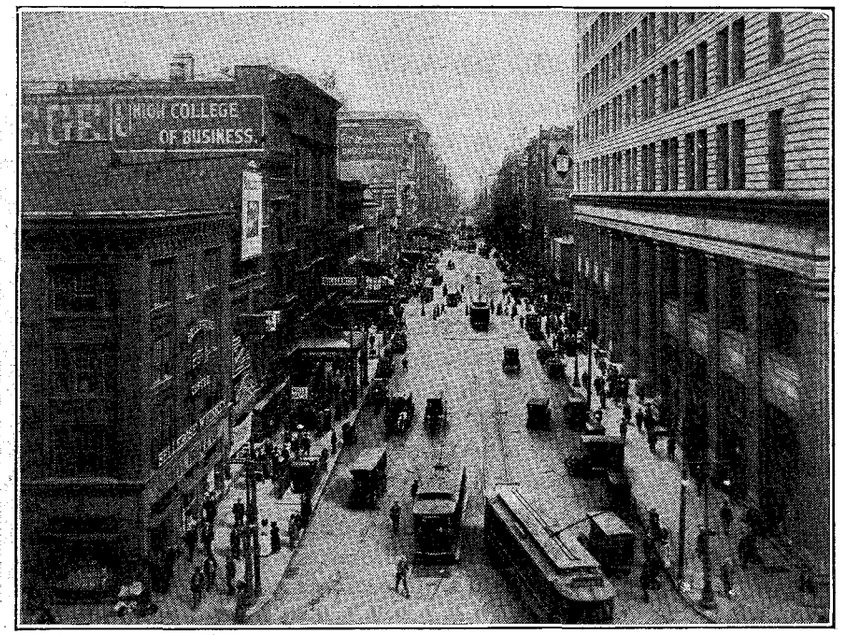
I was five when my sister Nellie started going to school. I wanted to go, too. I had learned the abc's and could count and read. My father said they wouldn't take me so young and that I must wait another year. He said I could learn from the books that Nellie would bring home. He helped me sometimes, and sometimes my mother or my oldest sister Mary or my brother James did. I learned to read the First Reader and to say the multiplication table.

The next September I began going to school. My father went with me the first day and took me to Professor Lord, the principal. He told the professor that I was ready to start in the second grade and asked him to try me out on something. The professor set me on his lap and asked me to say the multiplication table. When I had said it through he put me down and patted my head and told my father he wished every pupil was as bright as I was.

I had to start in the first grade. The first and second grades sat in the same room. One day about two weeks after school began every one in the second grade, during its spelling recitation, mis-spelled the word "grievous." I had been listening and when the last one had misspelled it I raised my hand. The teacher asked what I wanted. I said I could spell "grievous." She told me to spell it and when I did she put me into the second grade. When I told my father I had been put up he lifted me above his head and called me his star and said some day I'd make the whole family rich. I began studying my brother James's third grade hoping I'd soon have a chance to get promoted again, but the third grade sat in another room and I had to stay in the second the rest of the term. I had perfect marks every month except in penmanship and conduct. My father wanted to know why my conduct marks were low. I said it was because I didn't have enough studying to do and couldn't sit doing nothing very long. He said he'd see Professor Lord but he didn't get time and forgot about it.

I stayed in the third grade the whole of the next term. It sat by itself in a one-room building near the depot, instead of in the regular school building. I had no chance to show I knew the fourth grade's lessons from studying them the year before. I told the teacher about it, but she didn't like me because I misbehaved and said she wouldn't promote me until I behaved better. I asked my father to see Professor Lord about getting me into the fourth grade. He did and the professor asked the third grade teacher about it. She said she didn't think I ought to be promoted because my behavior was bad. The professor told my father that he agreed with the teacher; that it might hurt discipline to promote me. My father told me what he had said and warned me if I didn't behave better he give me a licking.

I got mad and made up my mind that I wouldn't try to behave better. A little later the teacher put me with my sister Nellie and asked her to keep me from misbehaving. Nellie tried to stop me several times, but I didn't. She told my father and he licked me. She promised to stop telling on me when I showed her my answers at examination time. Some of the fellows tried to make fun of me for having to sit with a girl, and I had to lick some of them to make them stop. Near the end of the term I was suspended and nearly expelled. One afternoon I hit a boy in the back of the head with a folded piece of paper shot with a rubber band. He yelled and the teacher asked him what was the matter. He held up the folded piece of paper and said that I had hit him with it. The teacher made me stand in a corner with my face to the wall the rest of the afternoon. She didn't keep me in after school and when I got outside I ran after the boy who had told on me. I caught him, wrestled him down in the road, sat on top of him and punched him until he had said enough several times. He went home and told his father, who was a member of the school board, and the next day I was told I was suspended. A special meeting of the school board was held in a few days to decide what to do with me. They decided not to expel me after my father promised to give me a good licking and to see that I'd behave myself in the future. I wished I had been expelled but the term was nearly over and it didn't matter much. I was glad when vacation came.



Underwood

Market Street, Philadelphia, twenty years ago

That summer—1902—my father made up his mind to go to Philadelphia in the fall and take an examination for a job in the postoffice there. He said he would buy a grocery store, too, and that would help support us until his salary in the postoffice was big enough. We could help him and my mother wait on the store and learn how to do business, and James and I would have a chance to make money every day selling newspapers. The schools there were better and there would be a high school for us to go to when we were through grammar school. I was so glad that I could hardly wait

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until it was time to go there.

When school began again in September I was in the fourth grade. The fifth grade sat in the same room, which gave me a chance to show that I could learn its lessons. Before the first examination of the term was held I asked to be allowed to take the fifth grade examination as well as the fourth, and received permission. I made the highest general average in each grade and was promoted to the fifth. Early in October, before I was promoted, my father had gone to Philadelphia.

We followed him in December. Only a few days passed before all of us, one after another, caught the mumps. Then we all caught the measles. A quarantine kept us indoors until late in January. By the time we could go out my father and mother had decided to send us to the parochial school of the parish we lived in—St. Elizabeth's—so that we would be taught the Catholic religion.

Underwood

Philadelphia Athletics playing at Shibe Park

The first day James and I were put into fifth grade. During the arithmetic lesson I saw that they were only in long division; we already knew decimals. I told the Sister who taught us. She gave us some problems in decimals, and after we did them all right she said she would see about getting us into a higher grade. In the afternoon she told us there was no room in the sixth grade and for the present we'd have to stay where we were. That meant we'd have nothing to study but Catechism, and would have plenty of time to be out playing and seeing how Philadelphia looked. We were getting acquainted with the boys in our neighborhood and learning to play new games. A boy living across the street from us had received at Christmas a full set of storybooks written by Horatio Alger. He loaned me those he had already read, and I enjoyed them. In every one the hero made good and got rich. I asked some of the boys the best way to make money selling newspapers. They all said the best chance would be during the baseball season, at the Athletics' and Phillies' ball grounds; that before and after the baseball season the only good chance would be at some corner downtown, but that all the good corners were already taken. It was too far to go downtown after school, so I decided to wait until the baseball season started, which would be in April. In the meantime when I needed any money I could take a little from the till in my father's store.

Most of the time I had nothing to do at school and I fooled and read a lot. When I had finished all the Alger books that the boy across the street had, I got more from the nearest branch of the public library. I found a lot besides those by Alger. One day I got *Tom Sawyer* and liked it better than any I had read. I got *Huckleberry Finn* next. My father took it one day when I was reading it and looked at it. He said he couldn't see anything in it but mischief and nonsense and told me to stop reading it. He said books like the Alger ones were all right and that I should get more like them. I finished reading *Huckleberry* in the reading room of the library. When I found a book that I thought my father wouldn't like, I hid it where he wouldn't see it and at times when he was home I used to read it in the bathroom with the door locked. I got the habit of going there to read every night after the others had gone to bed.

Early in the spring we played baseball on a diamond in a vacant lot at the next corner. We planned to get up a team to play boys from other neighborhoods. An older boy living across the street came to me one day and said he was getting up a team and that I could be captain if I would furnish a catching glove, mask, bat and ball. I said I didn't have any money. He said, "You can get some easy." I asked how. He said, "From the till in the store." I asked how much. He said ten dollars. I said I couldn't take that much, that my father and mother would miss it right away, because there was hardly ever much more than that in the drawer. The next day he came to me and said he had found out where he could get the glove and other things wholesale and that five dollars would do; that we did a big business on Saturdays and that much wouldn't be missed then. I said I'd see if I could get it.

On Saturday at suppertime when no one was in the store I went in and took the five dollars. After supper the other boy was waiting for me and I gave it to him. Late in the evening when I came home my father was counting the money in the drawer. He missed the five dollars. All of us said we didn't take it. James had been helping in the store during the evening. My father blamed him and gave him a hard licking. I wanted to say I had taken it but my father had finished licking James before I could make up my mind to tell him, and then it wouldn't have helped James and would have got me a licking, too.

The boy brought me the things, but I saw that they were cheap and found that they were sold retail for less than half of five dollars. I told him to take them back and give me the five dollars but he wouldn't. I was mad but didn't dare say anything about it. Later he tried to get me to take more money for him, and threatened to tell James I had taken the five dollars. I wouldn't take any more for him and said if he told on me I'd say he had got me to take the five dollars and had tried to

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make me take more. He didn't tell on me and he didn't try to get any more. I found out he wanted the money to shoot craps with the big boys of the neighborhood.

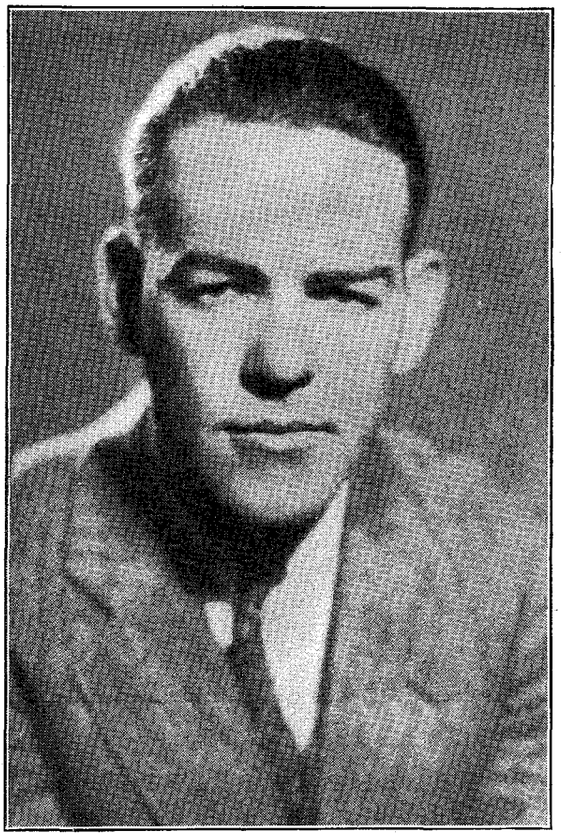
I sold newspapers the first day of the big league baseball season. Before game time I sold *Philadelphia Items,* which had a score-card of the game printed on the front page. Near the end of the game I sold night extra *Evening Bulletins* and *Telegraphs.* At the beginning I made fifty to sixty cents a day. On Saturdays, and days when there'd be doubleheaders, I made twice as much. I learned how to get in every day to see the game, too, without paying. During the fifth inning the men taking tickets at the gates used to bring the ticket boxes to the main office. I found out that if I waited at one of the gates I could get the job of carrying the ticket box, and after leaving it at the main office was allowed to go to one of the stands and watch the game. Several times the game interested me so much that I was late going out to get a supply of night extras to sell. Then I thought of the scheme of having my younger brother buy them when the *Bulletin* and *Telegraph* wagons came, and hauling them up to the stands with a rope. Then I went around the stands selling them and at the same time watched the game. The first day I tried it I sold out 100 in a few minutes. Afterward I bought 300 every day and sold them. On Saturdays and when there were doubleheaders I used to sell 500.

I tried to find a way to sell more *Items* before the game. I tried out different places until I found what seemed the best corner, and then tried to keep other kids from selling there. Most of them went away when I told them. One day a boy came and when I told him it was my corner he said he had as much right as I had to sell there and wouldn't go away. He was bigger than I, and I wasn't sure at first whether I ought to fight him. Another boy I knew came along and said he knew the other fellow and that he couldn't fight good. I told him again to get away. When he said he wouldn't I said he'd have to fight. He said all right and we both put our papers down and started fighting. None of his punches hurt me; I kept punching him without stopping and he backed up until we were halfway down the block. Then somebody yelled, "Cheese it! A cop!" and we quit and ran. The other boy came back to my corner to get his papers but didn't stay. Later in the afternoon while I went around in the stands some men who had seen me fighting said "Here comes Terry McGovern! Everybody buy a paper from him!" They all bought papers and some of them gave me a nickel and told me to keep the change.

Before long I tried another way to make money. It was by scalping tickets. On days when big crowds came to the game I saw some men doing it and didn't see why I couldn't do it too. I tried it and found that I could do it as well as they. When cops came and chased them for doing it they didn't notice what I was doing because I had a bundle of *Items* under my arm and hid the tickets up my sleeve. I did it often with a cop standing only a few feet away.

I gave some of the money I made to my father and mother, but I didn't let them know how much I kept because my father would have thought it too much for me to spend. I spent it for ice cream and candy, going to shows, and every Sunday for the amusements at Woodside Park or Willow Grove Park. Often I took some of the boys of the neighborhood along and treated them. They liked me for doing it and when we played together would let me say what games we should play.

I thought one day I might be able to sell more *Items* if, instead of standing at my corner at Thirtieth and Columbia Avenue and waiting for the street cars to come and discharge passengers, I went to Twenty-ninth Street, got on the cars and sold while riding to Thirtieth Street. One time the car conductor came after me along the running board. I went forward away from him. While the car was going fast my hand missed the handbar and I fell. When I hit the street my bundle of papers acted as a cushion under my face and head and saved me from getting badly hurt, but I skinned my arms and legs and was too stunned to pick up my papers and go on selling them. After the conductor had come back and taken my name and address I went home and lay down. My father wanted to know what the matter was and I told him what had happened. He said there might be a chance to get damages from the traction company. He sent for a doctor and told me to say I had vomited and couldn't eat anything and that my head ached. The doctor came and said I must stay in bed and left some pills. I felt all right after a little rest and went out playing that evening after my father had gone to work in the postoffice, although he had told me to stay in bed. He made me stay in bed the next day.



JOHN COFFEY
From a recent photograph

While I was there a man came from the traction company. He offered my father some money to sign a paper but my father said he'd better wait and see how long it took me to get well. He had the doctor come several times and I had to be in bed when he came, but every time I got up as soon as he'd gone. About a month later my father took me to the office of the traction company. I had to answer a lot of questions about the accident. My father had told me to say that the conductor had pushed me and made me fall. The

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The Cuban Cocktail

By T. R. YBARRA

HAVANA.

BUTTONHOLING an American who had been in Havana several days, a compatriot, who had just stepped off the steamer from New York, and was, like so many Americans in Cuba, eager for liquid stimulation, impatiently inquired:

"What is the best cocktail in Havana?"

"Havana," was the answer.

Right! To the casual visitor, Havana is a cocktail, an excellent cocktail, blended as follows: five parts, Cuba; three parts, U. S. A.; two parts, Spain. It is a singularly successful blend, in which no ingredient dominates to the detriment of the rest and all combine for the advantage of the whole.

What most forcibly strikes the newcomer to the fair capital of the Cuban Republic is the fact that, despite its strong tinge of cosmopolitanism and its thick coating of foreign veneer, it remains essentially Cuban. Though it was under the rule of Spain for more than three hundred years, though it has been exposed, for the last thirty years, to a veritable tide of American influence, the Havanese have managed to preserve in their city and in themselves a something which has proved impregnable alike to the encroachments of the proud kingdom across the ocean and of the pushing neighbor to the northward.

As one's steamer rounds the point crowned by the Morro fortress and creeps cautiously into Havana Bay, the city seems essentially Spanish, with its low sky-line and balconied houses, its narrow streets piercing the mass of masonry, its venerable church steeples and antiquated batteries. A second glimpse—taken after one lands—will probably make the visitor think that he is not in Spain but in the United States. He will read, on every side, signs in English; he will hear English spoken with the intonation of New York or Atlanta or Chicago or Boston; he will jump out of the way of American automobiles, and consume American lunches at restaurants with American names.

But, in the midst of all these Spanish and American characteristics, the truth will finally force itself upon him. He will realize that they are merely adjuncts; that the essential underlying characteristic of Havana is the fact that it remains, first, last and all the time, Cuban. The Spaniards found this out when they sought to kill, in the Cuban metropolis, the craving for independence; they discovered it in the unflinching courage with which scores of Havanese, beardless college students and veterans with wrinkled faces and graying hair, faced firing-squads; they found it out despite the thousands of soldiers landed by Spain in Cuba, in the indomitable resistance to the authority of their King. And the Americans sensed it when, after Cuba had become free, they poured, in eager crowds, into Havana, looking for easy money, bringing new-fangled business methods, glorifying speed and initiative, damning leisure and "mañana," spreading over Havana and the whole island of Cuba a network of efficiency and bustle, an atmosphere of hustle and "get-rich-quick."

JUST as they had withstood having their individuality crushed under the chariot-wheels of Spain, the Cubans refused to be pulverized by the Juggernaut-car of the United States. They speeded up, to be sure; they listened to the "get-rich-quick" siren; they watched, with favoring smiles, the advent of electric street cars and taxicabs, modern plumbing, broad boulevards and the countless manufactured products from the north. They watched, while their narrow streets were invaded by swarms of motor cars; they stepped politely into the roadway to escape elbowing groups of tourists, suddenly introduced, by enterprising tourist agencies, to "Cuba, the Pearl of the West Indies," and "Havana, Outpost of the Old World in the New World." But, instead of being flattened out by this avalanche of Americanism, the Cubans led it into channels constructed by themselves, utilized it for their own purposes.

To American push they harnessed Cuban suaveness; to American driving-power they coupled Cuban elegance; with new formulas for the ruthless acquisition of dollars and the unheeding enjoyment of life they blended old traditions of business courtesy and social form. Cuba, like "Cousin Egbert" in Harry Leon Wilson's book, has shown that she can be "pushed just so far." Spain tried to push her further, and—well, Cuba is now a republic. Americans, who did not understand her, tried to stampede her into becoming a miniature United States, and—well, three days in Havana will make a keen observer wonder whether, instead of being a mere fifteen hundred miles from New York, he is not, in reality, ten thousand miles away.

Go to the great fortress of Cabañas, with its century-old walls frowning above the shore across Havana harbor, and you will think yourself in Spain—until they show you the "Moat of the Laurels," where hundreds of Cubans met death rather than acknowledge themselves subjects of the Spanish King. Go to the race track out in Marianao, gaze upon its up-to-date grand stand, read the names of those who sponsor the races—Americans, almost to a man—and you will think yourself in Kentucky or Saratoga until you see groves of palms nodding in the breeze beyond the paddock and catch the leisurely Cuban grace in the movements and speech of more than half the men and women around you.

At the "Centro Asturiano," most Spanish of Havana clubs, you will imagine yourself in Madrid; but you will realize your mistake when, a stone's throw from its doors, you read the inscription on the monument of the Cuban patriot who, "at the height of Spain's domination, kept alive in the breasts of the Cubans the sacred flame of liberty!" At a Havana café, when you ask the waiter to recommend a drink and hear him suggest a "gin fizz," you may think yourself in a land dominated by Yankees; but you will change your mind after the drink is brought to you. For you will find that it has been shaken up as no "gin fizz" was ever shaken in the North either before or after Prohibition—shaken until it is light as air and wreathed in airy foam—a drink no more like the "gin fizz" of our tradition than the frozen North is like the balmy South, a nectar redolent of sunlit tropical days and moonlit tropical nights, whispering to him who has ordered it: "Drink me, stranger, for I am Havana!"

Don't you believe it? Do you think I am waxing too lyrical? Well—go to Cuba, my friend, go to Cuba!

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The End of an Era

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

The years since the War have been full of a number of things—fundamentalism, modernism, sex, psychology, prohibition and the biggest bull market of all time. But the author thinks that an era has ended and a new one begun in which "wide-awake people . . . will be concerned with new problems and new ideas, and in which the temper of the Post-War decade will be replaced by a temper strikingly different." Mr. Allen is one of the editors of "Harper's"

ONE DAY last spring a magazine editor and a newspaper editor were talking over their professional problems in my office.

"I wish you would explain something that is puzzling me in my work," said the magazine editor. "It seems to be getting harder each month to find live subjects for magazine discussion—subjects with which intelligent and thoughtful readers are already preoccupied and upon which they are thirsting for new ideas. The sure-fire subjects of the past three or four years—such as the status of marriage and divorce, prohibition and law enforcement, the warfare between religion and science, and the new psychological theories—are beginning to look stale; and I can't seem to find anything new to take their place—anything, that is, to which people like ourselves will turn with relief and real enthusiasm. A magazine editor is supposed to know what the mind of his public is engrossed in, and I hate to confess myself stumped. But I *am* stumped. Am I going stale on my job, am I simply blind to the trend of public opinion, or is the public mind actually engrossed in nothing at all except the price of Steel common? Is it really as apathetic, is it drifting as aimlessly as I think?"

"I believe it is," answered the newspaper editor. "I have noticed the same thing. And I believe the reason is that we are approaching the end of an era. We are in for a change in the intellectual weather, and this is the lull that comes before it."

At that time I was somewhat skeptical of the newspaper man's idea. In the subsequent months, however, several things have happened which seem to me to substantiate it; to indicate, indeed, that a chapter of our American intellectual and social history is not only drawing to an end, but has actually ended.

It is, of course, notoriously difficult to detect general changes in the intellectual atmosphere while they are taking place. The mental climate of a country not only varies, as does the physical climate, between one section and another; it varies also between the farm and the city, between one part of a town and another, even between different houses in the same block. In an age when a single apartment house may contain at the same time fundamentalists and agnostics, disciples of John Sumner and of Aldous Huxley, readers of Proust and of the tabloids, contributors to strike-relief funds and Bourbons of big business, and when fad succeeds fad with bewildering rapidity, it is not easy to distinguish the ground swells of thought from the cross currents and surface waves. I therefore present my theory in the most tentative way. But as a reasonable hypothesis I think it is worth examining. Here it is, then: the Post-War Period in American history is over. This first year of the nineteen thirties will be the first year of a new period in American life, in which the educated and wide-awake people who in large degree determine the drift of mass opinion will be concerned with new problems and new ideas, and in which the temper of the Post-War decade will be replaced by a temper strikingly different.

What has been the temper of the Post-War decade? I think any thoughtful reader will agree upon certain outstanding characteristics.

First, it has been an era of disillusion. The pumped-up idealism and fervor of war-time was followed by cynicism, by a general smashing of idols, by skepticism of exalted motives. Witness the reduction of man (in the thought of the sort of people who pride themselves on being up-to-date) from an immortal soul to a biological mechanism; the substitution of the idea of sex for the idea of romantic love; the vogue of debunking, particularly in biography (from *Queen Victoria* down to the latest ventures in whitewash-removal and backstairs history); and the enormous following which Mr. Mencken and other prophets of the hard-boiled school have obtained.

Second, it has been an era of revolt and experiment in sex. The keen-minded young people who a few years before would have been voting the Socialist ticket and reading *The Masses* and shocking their fathers by soap-box orations on behalf of the downtrodden workingman, have regarded Socialism and the workingman as unutterably boresome, have forsaken radicalism in economics and politics for radicalism in sex, and have shocked their fathers by their loud remarks on the tyranny of bourgeois marriage, and on the dangers of being inhibited. We have had the much-discussed "problem of the younger generation," we have had necking, companionate marriage, a wave of anti-Puritanism, a furious interest in Freudianism, and a steady tendency toward more and more frankness and brutality in speech and in literature, culminating (after *What Price Glory, The Green Hat, Broadway, The Sun Also Rises,* and other outspoken novels and plays too numerous to mention) in the outright discussion of homosexuality and the more complicated sex perversions.

Third, it has been an era of science enthroned and of religion dethroned. The Dayton trial dramatized a struggle that went on in countless homes and in the minds of countless individuals. Never before has the public been so ready to accept uncritically new scientific doctrines and theories. The new psychological cults, in particular, have had things all their own way. While the churches were losing in numbers and authority the behaviorists and psychoanalysts have had thousands at their feet.

Fourth, it has been an era of *laissez-faire* in the relation between politics and business, and of getting-rich-quick. Wilsonian idealism, which sought to keep business subservient to the state, departed with the end of the War. The new freedom of the nineteen twenties has been the freedom of the business man from governmental interference. The popular doctrine has been "less government in business." The popular president has been the one who gave business its head, reduced the activity of the state to a minimum, did as little as possible to divert the public from its preoccupation with profits, and encouraged, with the aid of his equally

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popular Secretary of the Treasury, the biggest bull market of all time. Prosperity has been a religion, the current notion of Utopia has been of a place where every stock made a ten-point gain every day, the mystical element in the American mind has done its dreaming about mergers and split-ups, and the dominant idea has been that the limit of prosperity was the sky itself.

So much for the spirit of the Post-War decade in America. It has had other characteristics, but these have been at least among the principal ones. Now for the signs of change.

For pointing out the first two of these I am indebted to Mr. Walter Lippmann. In an article in *Vanity Fair* during the 1928 campaign he drew attention to the significance of two facts which showed how the wind was beginning to blow. The first was the overwhelming popular acclaim of Lindbergh after his flight. This, said Mr. Lippmann, was a sign that the public had had too much of idol-smashing. One hero after another had been revealed to them as possessing feet of clay; and when a young man not only took their imagination with his daring but astonished them by behaving like a gentleman afterwards, they worshipped him as only a people starved for heroes can worship. Here, Mr. Lippmann pointed out, was a sign that cynicism was waning and that idealism was ready to emerge once more. The acclaim of Lindbergh, he said, was like the warm day in February which shows that spring is at last on the way.

The other preliminary sign of change was the withdrawl of Mr. Coolidge from the 1928 Presidential race and the resulting candidacy of Mr. Hoover. Mr. Lippmann laid the Coolidge withdrawal to a realization that the days when *laissez-faire* would satisfy the electorate were numbered, and called attention to the contrast between both Messrs. Hoover and Smith on the one hand and Mr. Coolidge on the other. Mr. Coolidge believed in letting well enough alone; both the other men believed that political and economic conditions could be improved if the Government did something about them. This, Mr. Lippmann claimed, was an indication that a new attitude toward politics was in the making.

But one or two warm days in February do not make a spring. If an observer of weather conditions was not aware that season follows season with uncompromising regularity, he would need to wait for still warmer days in March and April to be able to say with any assurance that a change in the climate was under way. There is no regularity in the intellectual climate, and its observers must not jump to conclusions. Within the past few months, however, two more striking events, and a number of other less spectacular and definite developments, have given good indication that the predicted change in the intellectual climate is actually taking place.

There could hardly be a more definite sign that disillusion is dying than the tremendous success of Ramsay MacDonald's visit to the United States and the cordial reception given by the thoughtful people of the country to the out-and-out idealism of his message. Mr. MacDonald spoke of the will of the world for peace in terms which reminded one so much of the language of Woodrow Wilson that the apparently sincere applause which met them was nothing less than amazing. This American public had thrown overboard Wilsonian idealism and broken Wilson—and yet the conference between Premier and President beside the brook in Virginia filled it with a glow of sentimental enthusiasm such as Wilson used to arouse at the apex of his career. One listened for the scoffers, but they kept silence. The American people, one concluded, had begun to traffic in ideals again.

Only a few weeks later came the panic in the stock market. That this dealt a powerful blow to the doctrine of steadily mounting prosperity was obvious. Since the crash we have come to realize that prosperity is a thing of ups and downs and that it as easy to get poor quick as to get rich quick; the speculator's Utopia which glistened so alluringly before our eyes has vanished in the clouds. But the really impressive thing about the crash, from the point of view of my thesis, was the eagerness with which the people turned to the Government for action and the vast sigh of relief with which they accepted the news that Mr. Hoover was going to take a hand in things. We heard little of the doctrine of "less government in business" when the President called together the industrial executives. Perhaps Mr. Coolidge (to adopt Mr. Lippmann's explanation) had been right after all: the days of *laissez-faire* were ending.

The widespread interest in Humanism is, I think another sign for the weather prophets. It would be easy to give this religious movement too much emphasis; it may turn out to be only a matter of passing moment, one of those brief episodes which have their day and are presently forgotten. Nevertheless the establishment of Humanist churches, as well as the grateful acceptance of Mr. Lippmann's *Preface to Morals,* would seem to suggest that the revolt against religion has passed through its first and most violent stage, and that there is an increasing desire to consolidate the new spiritual position. The opposition of the intelligentsia to the organized traditional churches will of course go on; I have not the slightest idea that the conflict between science and religion is even nearing an end; but these indications of a desire to re-establish spiritual and ethical values on a new basis are nevertheless impressive. Criticism of the churches no longer has the sensational appeal of novelty; the revolt

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Underwood

THE DAYTON TRIAL
Science enthroned, religion dethroned

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Boston Sees the Joke

By RICHARD F. WARNER

The author counsels against immoderate optimism, but he is convinced that recent happenings in the one-time hub of the universe mean that her citizens have realized that the joke is on Boston. Mr. Warner is a native Bostonian, but now lives in New York

IT TOOK a long time, but Boston is finally revolting against itself, not swiftly —that would be un-Bostonian —not dramatically—Boston is not dramatic—but the revolt is there and one of the simple reasons is that Boston is tired of being looked upon as a joke. Even some of its better citizens have become vaguely conscious of the fact that, perhaps, Boston has become slightly idiotic.

For one thing, being the joke rather than the hub of the universe is bad business and the average Bostonian is not such a very inhuman chap, after all. He likes his money. For another thing, and this may be a trifle idealistic, Boston's citizenry is becoming self-conscious, becoming a little weary of being placed so unfailingly in the moronic class. Deep down—in South Boston as well as in the Back Bay—there is arising a new, questioning spirit. Hitherto Boston has not questioned. Who, indeed, could question Boston? And, if any one dared, what did it matter? Today the city is beginning to have its doubts about itself and that means a great deal to any community, even to Boston.

Bishop William Lawrence, a cousin of President Lowell of Harvard, resigns from the New England Watch and Ward Society. A judge condemns the society's methods of procuring evidence in the sale of an obscene and impure book. The prosecuting attorney in the case says that if such tactics are repeated he will bring action against the society's agents on grounds of conspiracy. Mayor Curley is inaugurated for this third term. He announces plans for a Greater Boston. Boston has slipped in population. Mr. Curley hopes to make the city the fourth largest in the country. He announces a transit program.

Let us consider these recent events in Boston. For years the Watch and Ward has had the support of Boston's best citizens, despite the fact that agents of the society have been publicly charged with immorality. Coolidges—not the Calvins of Northampton but *the* Coolidges of Boston—and Cabots appear in the society's list of officers. So does the headmaster of Groton. The society is a tradition, and Boston takes her traditions, as she takes her court of laws, very seriously. Boston also takes her Coolidges and her Cabots and her Bishop Lawrences very seriously.

As a prominent Boston citizen, a Porcelian Club man at Harvard and a member of the Somerset Club, said to this writer:

"Let's not kid ourselves. Boston isn't a smaller New York and never has been. Boston is a larger Worcester. Boston is a town, not a cosmopolitan city."

So, being a town, names count and when a Lawrence resigns and revolts, his action carries with it a significance that it would be difficult for a New Yorker to appreciate. The Dunster House Bookshop in Harvard Square, Cambridge, sold to an agent of the New England Watch and Ward Society a copy of D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. The agent represented himself as a student of literature, a critic of fine books and when he was told by the young store manager, James A. DeLacey, and by Joseph Sullivan, clerk, that they did not keep the book in stock, the agent—a pious appearing soul—pleaded that possibly there might be a way to obtain the book for him. Chancing, quite purposely, into the store again he bought a copy that DeLacey had obtained second hand and went away to prepare his case.

In court, DeLacey was sentenced to pay a fine of $800 and spend four months in the House of Correction; Sullivan was fined $200 and sentenced to two weeks in the House of Correction, but his case was placed on file. So much for the facts, beyond remarking that the Dunster House Bookshop has long been patronized by Harvard students and by members of the Harvard faculty who enjoy the buying of good books in a store where the clerks are as much interested in literature as they are themselves.

There has been no suggestion that Bishop Lawrence disagrees with the court's decision that *Lady Chatterly's Lover* is impure. The probability is that the good bishop, if he has read the book at all, agrees with the court. Hence his resignation is all the more vital since it must arise from disapproval of the Watch and Ward, the society that has been so successful in dictating Boston's legal reading matter.

Now, for Mr. Curley. When James Michael Curley began his public career, the better Boston newspapers were hampered only by the laws of libel in heaping editorial villification upon his ample Irish-American brow. "That man Curley!" Good Bostonians of Protestant persuasion shuddered, not symbolically but quite literally. Yet in 1930 "that man Curley" assumes office, not only with the good wishes of the Boston *Transcript*, but with its praise for his program.

And this, too, is significant, much more so really than what happened when Gardner Jackson, leader in the layman's defense in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, presented a copy of Sacco's and Vanzetti's letters to former Governor Alvan T. Fuller. It was a farewell gesture on the part of Jackson to the Governor. As the latter left the State House at the close of his term, Jackson ran up the State House steps and offered him the copy. The visibly annoyed Mr. Fuller waved Jackson aside. Photographers caught the scene, newspapers reproduced it and Boston labelled the whole affair bad taste. It did not help the Sacco-Vanzetti case. It did not change any one's opinion regarding their guilt or innocence. It was a futile stunt, a gesture.

But the *Transcript's* praise of Mr. Curley and Bishop Lawrence's resignation are not gestures. Neither does one accuse Bishop Lawrence or the *Transcript* of bad taste. The latter's attitude in the political situation is important for it shows a break in that rigid antagonism to the Boston-Irish that has prevailed since the Irish became something more in the social scheme than servants and ditch diggers.

Mr. Curley is mentioned here as a symbol of the typical Boston-Irish politician who has made his way without benefit of a Harvard University degree or the approval of some good government association. This does not mean that in the writer's opinion Mr.

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Curley is a noble statesman. Mr. Curley is a man of many colors, often confusing even his best friends or those who sincerely wish to think well of him. Yet the probability is that of all mayoralty candidates available, or almost available, Mr. Curley is the best. He knows Boston and he knows the business of politics. He has demonstrated both his abilities and his disabilities. The former would appear to outweigh the latter. Certainly, as the years have passed, he has become more popular, and certainly, too, many Republicans were disgusted by the four years in office of his immediate predecessor, Malcom E. Nichols, a Good Government Association candidate, a Protestant and a Yankee.

Republicans, as a combined unit, no longer shy from a Sullivan or a Murphy and the next step will be the discovery unto themselves—nobody can

he Storm

Boston, of course, but it indicates one of the important phases of Boston's revolt against traditions. Boston, a laughing stock, is another matter. There are, in the city, innumerable places of learning where culture may be obtained for a cash consideration—oratorical colleges, schools for musicians and artists, and, by the score, finishing schools scattered throughout the Back Bay where middle-

ay acquire the Boston

have based their in- to outsiders upon the ere in Boston. They because of this, and

Now they have dis- appeal has lost much ems that outsiders are ı to say they do not ɔston, the city of the middle-western girls ıed elsewhere, in New may smoke, read a ay without benefit of

the guidance of Watch and Ward.

Before the Sacco-Vanzetti case, stories began appearing about Boston's censorship. During the Sacco-Vanzetti case, that nightmare to Boston, everybody was writing about Boston and now the Watch and Ward's latest has enabled these writers to carry on. In the opinion of this writer too great emphasis has been placed on the events themselves and too little upon the reasons for these events. Why should Mr. Casey, Boston's censor, be blamed, or Mr. Crowley, superintendent of police, be ridiculed because he breaks up a Sacco-Vanzetti protest meeting?

Mr. Casey and Mr. Crowley and President Lowell for that matter, although Mr. Lowell chances to live in Cambridge, should not be scorned, too personally. Each is merely a representative of his social environment, bound by that environment's suspicions and jealousies. Boston people may be divided into three fairly distinct classes. At the top are the Lowells, symbolic of all that is considered the best in Boston's social life and Boston tradition; at the bottom are the Sullivans, representative of the Irish-Catholics.

The former group has the Somerset Club, the latter the Boston City Club or the Elks. Both groups are articulate. The Irish captured City Hall, but they have yet to capture State street, Boston's Wall street, and there are, so far as this writer knows, no Irish-Catholics in the Somerset Club and very few, if any, in the Union Club. Social lines are painfully clear cut.

Between these two groups, there is a third, the middle class, a great gangling group that spreads and sprawls all over Boston, stretching into the Back Bay and into South Boston, into the Newtons and into Medford, Malden and Melrose. Unlike the others, it is inarticulate. As a whole, it is Protestant and for this reason feels allied to the first group

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The Trend of Events

At London

AT THE TIME of this writing the principal news from the London disarmament conference was that there wasn't any news. Since no headlines could be built over this, American newspapers printed columns of disarmament "dope stories" which were as devoid of facts as they were full of words.

The delegates met—that seems sure. The King spoke before his silver and gold microphone. Dressed in a sweater, old trousers, and tennis shoes, President Hoover sat in a basement room of the White House with his medicine ball Cabinet and listened to him. The President also listened to the other speeches made on opening day, those by Premier MacDonald, Secretary Stimson, Premier Tardieu, Signor Grandi, and ex-Premier Wakatsuki. Thereupon Mr. Hoover praised the clarity of the reception, as good a comment as any on these amiable and meaningless preliminaries.

A great deal of rhetoric will blow across the Atlantic during the course of the conference. Delegates who rather expect it to fail will shout their confidence in its success. Delegates who are after everything they can get will trot out the purity of their aspirations and point to the unspeakable sacrifices their nations have made in the cause of peace. In short, delegates who believe one thing will say another so often and so ardently as almost to convince themselves. The best practice during all this is to keep one's eye on the ball of actual accomplishment. Nothing else matters. The fundamental dignity and worth of the effort to limit armaments are beyond dispute, but the adamant fact remains that any delegation allowing itself to be overreached will go home in low spirits, while any delegation overreaching another will go home in high.

When this was written actual accomplishments stood at zero. The statements of the nations' general positions a few days after the opening, which had been expected to strike raucous notes, were toned down enough to be familiar and harmless. Only the rare full sessions of the conference were public, while the real work was being done in small private sessions. It may be, as Hugh Wilson, spokesman of the American delegation, declares, that the conference is making progress and that there is every reason for optimism, but thus far nothing had transpired to prove it.

The Submarine

THE NEXT BEST THING to having a sword is to have a shield. This is one reason for the French refusal to consider the British-American proposal for the abolition of the submarine. Submarines, says France, uttering a half-truth, are defensive weapons. Battleships are not. Paris chuckles when the United States speaks of its eighteen dreadnaughts as its "first line of defense." Moreover, it takes a decade in time and a billion in dollars to build a modern battle fleet. France can afford no such extravagance. But the best defense against a fleet of battleships is a screen of submarines, and France can build these aplenty.

Wide World

KING OF UTAH

Senator who sponsors resolution for Philippine independence

Proverbially the poor country's weapon, a good coast-defense submarine can be built on the Continent for about $750,000. As naval items go, this is a small sum even when translated into francs. Furthermore, since 1918, submersibles have attained amazing efficiency. Improved listening devices enable them to hear almost as well as surface ships see. Submerged, periscope and all, a submarine can fire its torpedoes with surprising accuracy. It is the French hope, in part, that a cordon of submarines operating out of Brest and Marseilles and in the English Channel could protect the French coast from British superiority in capital ships; that France could blockade the Strait of Gibraltar, and that submarines used with cruisers could keep open the sea lanes connecting European France with its troop-supplying colonies.

Britain, not being blind, sees much more than purely defensive objectives in the French program. It observes that the French, not content with small submarines, have just launched a 3,900-ton submersible cruiser capable of raiding the seas for four months without returning to a base. Such ships are an obvious menace to an island nation which must import food. To meet British objections, the French have offered to limit submarines in size and therefore in cruising radius. The joker here is that no limit on mere size could make the narrow English Channel safe for British shipping.

To the average Englishman, submarines must go because in 1917 they threatened his bread. To the average British Admiral they must go because fear of them held the British Grand Fleet in ignominious retirement at Scapa Flow during most of the World War. Nothing short of complete abolition of the submarine, which is out of the question, will enable members of the British Admiralty to catch up on lost sleep.

Philippine Independence

CURRENT PROPOSALS to grant immediate independence to the Philippines command little support among Filipinos. They too plainly spring from the desire to impose whacking tariff duties on

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Philippine agricultural products, and so keep them out of the United States. Even Speaker Roxas of the Philippine House of Representatives has been obliged to condition his demand for independence. Testifying before the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs, he supported the independence resolution of Senator King of Utah, but also declared that the maintenance of existing trade relations, under which Philippine products enter America duty free, is essential to the Islands' well-being.

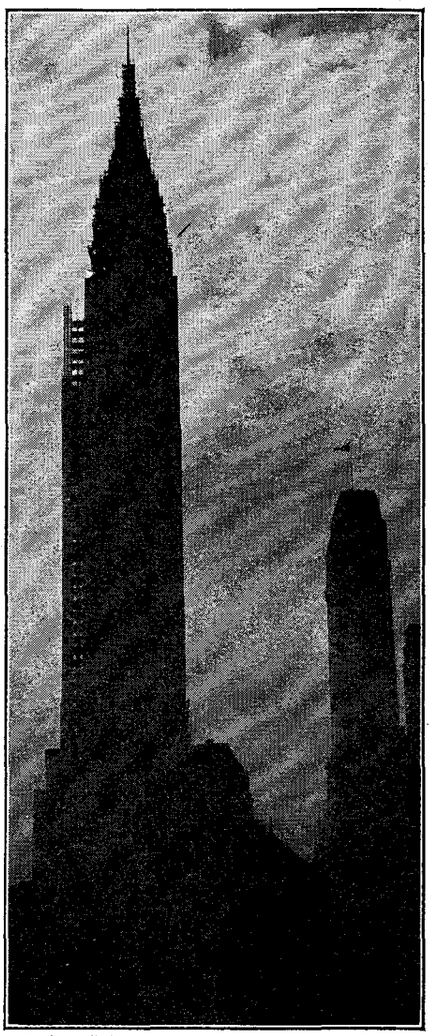
Such talk is poison to Senator King, spokesman for producers of commodities which compete with imports from the Philippines. Although these profess to be gripped by humanitarian impulses, their statements sound hollow even to themselves. What they want is the opportunity to clamp prohibitive tariffs on the cane sugar and cocoanut oil competing against their own beet sugar and butter fats. Yet, however sordid, their motives are realistic, and they will be listened to. Economic considerations, weighing heavily in the taking of the Philippines, will weigh heavily in deciding when they are to be freed.

Immediate independence seems out of the question. Sentiment in the Senate favors low rather than high tariffs; our foreign policy in the Pacific involves control of the Islands; manufacturers—make a note of it—find them a profitable market and hold out for the present status; imperialists argue that the United States cannot legally alienate its ownership. These matters and many more will be studied if a commission is appointed to investigate Philippine conditions, as Senator Bingham of Connecticut recommends. Other commissions have examined the Philippines, but this one would work under significant circumstances. For the first time, Filipinos would have representation. For the first time, independence would be debated less on the grounds of idealism than of economic necessity. An economic-necessity argument compares with an idealism argument as Primo Carnera compares with Davy ("Sonny Boy") Lee.

▸▸*World's Tallest*

How to torture your wife: Ask her suddenly, "What's the world's tallest building?" She will reply, "The Woolworth Building." Laugh condescendingly. Say, "My dear lady, the Eiffel Tower (nearly 200 feet higher than the Woolworth Building) used to be, Al Smith's Empire State Building soon may be, and the Chrysler Building is today the tallest edifice in the world."

Go on to say: "Seventy-seven stories, 1067 feet, high (as compared with the 984¼-foot Eiffel Tower), extending from 42nd to 43rd Street on Lexington Avenue, New York, the Chrysler Building—William Van Alen, architect—was started in March, 1929, and will be ready for occupancy in April, 1930—Fred T. Ley, builder. The 176-foot tower is chromium plated, like bathroom fixtures, and will not rust or tarnish. There are set-backs at the 17th, 24th, 31st, 58th, and 61st floors. At the 31st floor there will be huge chromium replicas of the Chrysler radiator cap."



Ewing Galloway

HIGHEST
New York's Chrysler Building; the 44-story Chanin Building is on the right

Add: "There are thirty-five automatic, electric elevators, paneled in diamond-shaped sections of ebony, maple, black walnut, and mountain ash. When you push the button marked 'Down,' the car is automatically stopped at your floor; no elevator operator can miss you. This should make things easier for Walter P. Chrysler, who will have a duplex apartment on the 58th and the 59th floors. Since the next floor, the 60th, will be used solely as a steam reservoir, supplying the fifteen floors below and the nineteen above, it is unlikely that Mr. Chrysler will ever be chilly. The thirtieth floor will likewise house nothing but steam; it will supply the first forty-five floors."

Top off by saying: "Only one workman was killed during the construction. He was hit by the weight on a plumb line. The building's color scheme is black, white, and silver. Telephone conversation has been conducted from the top of the Chrysler Building to the top of the Eiffel Tower, which may prove something. Nothing has been overlooked, not even man's inclination to tilt his chair back against the wall. Shrewdly placed mouldings will not only protect the walls but prop up tilted chairs. These details may have helped swell the total cost of the building to $23,000,000."

All this, recited quickly, may tend to make your wife forget the evening you played Ask Me Another and spent five minutes trying to name the capital of Omaha.

▸▸*Chicago Broke*

Chicago, the glittering city, is in the rather amusing plight of the lady of fashion dunned by the milkman. A joke, at the same time it is a distressing commentary on municipal government in the United States that the second American city should lack the cash to pay its street-cleaners, to say nothing of its firemen, policemen, and teachers.

Civic corruption is one reason. A direct, but probably minor, reason is municipal reform. Repudiated at the polls in 1927, Mayor Thompson bowed to the demand for a reassessment of taxable property. It is not yet completed. Hence, no taxes have been collected for more than two years. At first, the city's business was financed by issuing warrants anticipating tax receipts, but as expenditures increased regardless of income prospects—in 1928 and 1929 expenditures were $23,000,000 greater than probable revenues—not

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only banks, but individuals, baulked at advancing further funds.

A crisis was reached in December. The school teachers, whose salaries had been held up, finally were paid the day before Christmas. Since then, matters have slumped from bad to worse. The teachers have had no more pay. Other employees have sought permission to borrow from their pensions for necessary cash. One of the four great money-spending commissions proposed paying its workers in small tax warrants which, it hoped, would be negotiable as currency. With $185,000,000 in warrants already issued, the banks coldly refused to lend more until assured that conditions would be speedily bettered.

To better them, a committee of citizens under the leadership of the lawyer, Silas H. Strawn, took virtual command of the city's affairs from the politicians. Under pressure, Mayor Thompson finally agreed not to veto for a third time the "economy" budget passed by the Board of Aldermen, though he insisted that he capitulated not through respect for the citizens' committee but through fear of "civil war." With his surrender, the committee announced that it had a pool of $20,000,000, presumably subscribed by public utilities and railroads, which the city could draw on provided that specified economies were agreed to, and that legislation were enacted to assure sound administration in the future.

Outside its own limits, Chicago gets, and deserves, little sympathy. After all, a city cannot expect to become a model of well-being and thrift by electing and re-electing a Big Bill Thompson.

▸▸*Chicago Invites Authors*

DESPITE EVERYTHING, Chicago wants authors, resident authors, and is prepared to pay them $25,000 a year in prizes. The Chicago Foundation of Literature has been incorporated "to aid, assist, foster, promote, develop, and encourage meritorious work by Chicago writers of fiction, non-fiction, novels, short stories, poetry, drama, and other forms of literature." That seems to include about everything. Already the well-used words, "Go West, young man," take on a new, metallic ring.

As a matter of fact, Chicago has produced a remarkably large number of writers. Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, Ring Lardner, Carl Sandburg, John Dos Passos, and Theodore Dreiser are but a few of the many who did their early work there. Nor is it remarkable that it should have lost its budding celebrities to New York. Every country has its so-called cultural center, where creative workers find themselves at home, and New York, by virtue of wealth, tradition, location, and size, is America's.

It may not remain so indefinitely. Just as Boston gave way to New York as the seat of intellectual and artistic activity, so New York may someday give way to Chicago, which has long been running its eastern rival a close second in population and wealth. A generation or so, developed airplane service, a waterway to bring the Middle West nearer to the sea, and the thing may be done.

Underwood

CONVICTED

Clarence Charles Hatry, guilty of forgery, in prison for fourteen years

It will take time, though, rather than prizes, to lure an appreciable number of authors to Chicago. One reason is that at the moment the richest prizes—and, therefore, many good authors—are to be found in Hollywood.

▸▸*Hatry Sentenced*

CLARENCE C. HATRY'S spectacular career closed in London's Old Bailey court when the presiding judge described his crimes as "the most appalling frauds that have ever disfigured the commercial reputation of this country." Hatry faces fourteen years of penal servitude for forgery. Business associates face lesser terms.

The plunging speculator-promoter cost British investors millions of pounds. Energetic, dapper, a free spender with a persuasive tongue, he was a sensational figure in the City of London. One day peering over the brink of bankruptcy, the next day he was supporting a yacht and a sumptuous house in Mayfair. Obsessed with his dizzy finance—reports have him spending fourteen hours a day at his office—he worked on an enormous scale. Four years ago, or so it is said, he cleared $5,000,000 merging merchandising establishments into the Drapery Trust. His most ambitious project—that of unifying the British steel industries—he will now never realize. His skyrocket plunged dismally to earth last September when the Stock Exchange suspended trading in five Hatry securities, all of which fell to virtually nothing.

It was apparently to secure funds to carry out the steel merger that Hatry took the steps leading to exposure. His practice was to borrow from financial institutions on the forged municipal stock certificates of English cities. When the collateral was found worthless, Britain seethed. Provincial stock brokerage houses failed; investors who had trusted Hatry lost their shirts; others, frightened, dumped sound stock. Panic was averted only by a narrow margin. The Labor Government promised an investigation of the entire British financial system to insure greater protection for the investing public.

While Hatry goes to jail under a cloud, many Britishers owe him a debt of gratitude. The Hatry scare made conservative investors throw their stock—including American—on the market at a time when our securities were highest. A month later came the swoon on Wall Street. It was because of Hatry that the British were not more severely affected thereby. It's an ill wind, et cetera.

Hatry's sentence is said to indicate that British justice, as contrasted with American justice, means not only stiff punishment, but, what is more important, prompt and certain punishment. The point is not new, but it is surely well taken.

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▶▶Moscow in Hot Water

THE DAY AFTER Foreign Secretary Henderson revealed that Britain had protested to Moscow against the renewal of Soviet propaganda in England, Mexico's Ministry of Foreign Affairs revealed Mexico City had protested to Moscow and severed diplomatic relations.

If Moscow sends a reply to Mr. Henderson's taste, Britain will at best receive a pledge to obey a pledge—an unsatisfactory kind of assurance. Before diplomatic relations between Britain and Russia were resumed the Soviet Government promised to refrain from propaganda in England as soon as its Ambassador had been installed in London. The promise was broken. The first issue of a Communist newspaper, the *Daily Worker,* was distributed in London on New Year's Day. It bore a message from the Third International with which the Soviet pledge could not possibly be reconciled. Nor can Moscow advance its tired-out excuse that it is not responsible for the acts of the Communist International. The Labor Ministry knows better and has said so.

It is charged that Mexico, now on good terms with the United States, had been awaiting a pretext to adopt the official American assumption that the Soviet Government does not exist. Whatever the truth of this, it appears that Mexico recently expelled a number of Russians as "pernicious foreigners" and that in both North and South America this move caused Communist demonstrations which, Mexico believes, were directed from Moscow. Mexico's official statement anticipates the Soviet Government's practice of blaming the Third International. Mexico "knows that Russian Communistic groups do not and cannot work independently."

But though the customary Soviet excuse grows raggedy, it is not likely to be abandoned. It used to be said that as Russia grew up and came intimately into the family of nations it would renounce propaganda in other countries. It hasn't so far, and it may not. Also it was said that Russia would swing toward the Right. Instead, as Stalin's policy of exterminating the kulak, or rich peasant, demonstrates, Russia is swinging radically back toward the Left.

▶▶Pals

THE TWO BLACK CROWS have gone to law over a contract making Moran manager of the team but providing him with no extra compensation. The chances are, however, that nothing will come of the matter. In the nick of time, there will be a fist-fight. It will be discovered that the disagreement was brought about by an unscrupulous woman. A bedside reconciliation (Mack having been injured in the fight), and the pair will go on as usual.

Moran and Mack met years ago in a pool-room. Mack, the tall one, stood up for Moran, the short one, against a pool shark who was cheating him. Both stranded vaudeville actors, they decided to team up; Mack had the skits all written. They set to practicing the celebrated quick-slow dialogue with its "We found that out" and "Why bring

Wide World

Why bring this up?

that up?" and when a friendly actor railroaded them onto the stage in his place, they brought down the house.

From then on, arm in arm, they trod the paths to success. They were pals, trusting each other completely. Never a quarrel, never a harsh word; they shared the same joys, sorrows, and bank account. Everything was rosy until—you've guessed it—there came a woman. The very woman who had ruined Moran's former pal and driven him to drink. Nevertheless, Moran was dazzled. Little by little he increased his inroads on the joint bank account to buy her costly presents; she almost persuaded him to invest all the Two Black Crows' money in a wild-cat scheme she had thought up to swindle him.

How do we know this? It was plainly and convincingly set forth in a recent talkie, *Why Bring That Up?* How do we know it's true? Because it comes from Hollywood. The movies always stick fast to verities. That's why we are sure the present squabble will turn out all right in the end. In the end the pals, their misunderstandings cleared away, will stand shoulder to shoulder, gazing into the dawn—no, into the bright reaches of Broadway, where the two names, Moran and Mack, are once again linked in electric lights.

▶▶Sweet Victory

SENATOR SMOOT, they say, was the bad boy with the pin who pricked the beautiful belief that smoking a certain brand of cigarettes would make, and keep, us slim. It was his voice which called the attention of the Federal Trade Commission to the advertisements. No longer will women read inspiring testimonials by shapely and beautiful actresses, disclosing that cigarettes spell slenderness. Pop, goes an illusion.

Firmly formal, determinedly unsmiling, the Commission has described an agreement reached with a tobacco corporation, name not given, since no one, of course, would ever guess its identity. It seems that, among other things, the corporation used advertising containing a testimonial by musical comedy actresses. They were credited "with the statement to the effect that through the use of respondent's cigarettes 'that's how we stay slender;' when in truth and in fact the said actresses were not cigarette smokers." The Commission has persuaded the cigarette manufacturer to abandon over-optimistic advertising on the ground that "health and vigor to men, slender figures to women, and reduction of flesh in all cases will not necessarily result from the smoking of respondent's brand of cigarettes." Note the "necessarily." It is all the believing public, puffing along the road to health and grace, has to hang on to.

It was natural enough for Senator Smoot, whose blood boils for sugar beets, to enlist for the duration of the sweets-cigarette war. It was not strange that so practiced and passionate a champion of sugar in distress should lead the sweets to victory. But has he been winning another victory at the same time? First there were rumors, now there are definite evidences, that the slat-sided flapper has gone out of fashion, that curves will characterize the Thirties' ideal of feminine comeliness. Has it occurred to any one that the canny Senator from Utah may have been hobnobbing with the stylists?

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Luxury on Rails

THE TRAVELING PUBLIC wants luxury. It revels in surroundings that, caressing the vanity, add to the importance of the journey. Steamship companies discovered this long ago. Railroads are just finding it out. But, slow to learn, the railways, as recent developments indicate, have been quick to apply. Trains become swankier as well as faster, make a point of sumptuous fittings as well as adherence to schedule.

Celebrating its eightieth anniversary, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy announced a fleet of trains made up of "matched" Pullmans equipped with roller-bearings and decorated in pastel shades of orchid and apricot. Among these no common, or green-plush, Pullman may intrude. From cow-catcher, almost, to "solarium," harmonious unity is maintained by carpeted strips connecting car to car. The club car has been sidetracked for the "full-length lounge" and the "mid-train salon," fitted, not with leather and mahogany, but with love-seats, radio receiving sets, parchment-shaded lights, and fathom-deep rugs. The conspicuous lack of spittoons, annoying the farmer taking hogs to market, gratifies his wide-eyed wife.

Ticket agents refer to these trains by name, not number. So, too, probably, they will refer to the New York, New Haven, and Hartford's new Boston-New York train, christened "The Yankee Clipper" by young John Coolidge. Each chair car will be named after a clipper ship of the last century; each will boast a painting of the clipper in question. Afternoon tea, like the box-spring bed, is an old story on ultra-modern trains. The Pennsylvania seeks patronage not only because of the speed of its trains, but because of its roast duckling. On the Burlington the traveler receives a demi-tasse "with the compliments of the steward" as he orders breakfast. Ladies are sometimes offered a flower from the table.

Nor is it the extra-fare Pullman passenger alone who profits. On its Boston-New York daylight trains the New Haven has lately installed day coaches with individual seats and wider windows. "Oversize" lavatories, with porcelain washbowls and plenty of towels, are special added attractions. Perhaps, as in the West, a porter will be installed to handle day-coach luggage. The railroads, feeling the competition of the automobile, fearing that of the airplane, are out to hold their own.

Airplane Accidents

SIXTEEN PERSONS WERE KILLED when a T. A. T.-Maddux Lines plane cracked up and burned on the shore between Los Angeles and San Diego on January 19. Newspaper headlines shouted the fact from coast to coast. Three days later, nine children and one adult were killed when a mail train slammed into a school bus in the suburbs of Cleveland. Probably no newspaper outside Ohio gave the latter accident half as much prominence as the former.

Why? Because newspapers do not know what interests the public? Merely to put the question is to answer it in the negative. Because sixteen persons died in California's disaster, while only ten died in Ohio's? Obviously that will not do, for a crash of a T. A. T. plane in New Mexico last September, taking only eight lives, received more newspaper space than either of the January accidents.

Is it because there have been several flying accidents lately, so that the public is unusually concerned with aviation's perils? There have, indeed, been several such accidents, and the public, may, indeed, be unusually concerned. Yet there have also been shocking crossing accidents, and the public is not unusually concerned. A few weeks before the Cleveland accident another school bus was struck at an Ohio crossing, and seven young passengers lost their lives.

The process of elimination takes us slowly to at least one conclusion. The public—and hence the press—emphasizes flying accidents primarily because it regards flying as unnecessary. The trolley, the train, the automobile—these seem indispensable to the average American, who therefore stoically accepts their hazards, as he accepts the hazards of cooking-gas. The airplane does not seem indispensable to him, and he is no more resigned to its perils than to the perils of the Fourth of July cannon cracker. Aviation's progress will not, of course, be seriously retarded by a few crashes. Someday the plane, too, will be considered a necessity. That day will arrive the sooner if the aviation industry, comprehending the public's attitude, devotes itself wholeheartedly to the all-important problem of increased safety.

OH, PIONEER
American railway car pictured in the Illustrated London News of April 10, 1852

That Einstein Riot

EDITORIALS BY THE YARD appeared shortly after the Einstein riot in New York. The news story of how 4,500 fighting-eager citizens had stormed the staid American Museum of Natural History to see a motion picture explaining the explanation-defying Einstein theory reached the ends of the earth. Some interpreted it to mean that popular hunger for knowledge had been sadly underestimated, that, these days, the public cannot be deterred even by so abstruse a theme as relativity. Others suggested sourly that people would go to anything so long as it was free. There seemed no way to find out what really caused the riot.

But possibly one has turned up. A later lecture on the same subject at the

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same place by the noted physicist, Professor Dayton C. Miller, caused no stampede. Professor Miller described his recent experiments which seem to challenge the Einstein theory, but he promised no free movies. His listeners numbered a paltry 1,400.

So it appears that popular interest in relativity was mainly idle desire to see what a relativity movie would be like. The lure of the Einstein theory is its mystery. The statement that there were not a dozen savants in all the world who could comprehend it (the estimate has now been raised to a possible 200) tantalizes many persons, who otherwise would not have given the matter a thought, to say to themselves, "Bet I could understand it if I put my mind to it." Were the theory simple and easy to grasp; were it consonant with average sense experience and apparent common sense, it might never have provided a single headline.

▸▸*Liberal Party Feud*

VISCOUNT GREY, then Foreign Minister, followed his chief, Herbert Asquith, out of the Liberal Cabinet in 1916 when Lloyd George wormed his way to power. It was then Grey acquired his grudge against Lloyd George which persists to this day. The Liberal party, already slipping when the War started, has since been injured by a feud now become historic. Before he died Asquith expressed his resentment against the usurping Lloyd George, repudiating the temporary peace pact made a few years previously. His cry has been taken up by Viscount Grey, who recently praised Labor's leadership and methods while criticizing Lloyd George's command of the Liberals.

The wily Welshman replied softly, extending an offer of peace, asking Lord Grey "not to discourage the party when it is really making headway," begging him to aid "with his great name and distinguished reputation." The velvety statement concealed many a spike. By implication throughout the address the speaker called Grey a marplot and a foe to party progress.

Between the Grey coterie and Lloyd George there is the gulf which yawns between old-fashioned Gladstonian Liberalism and flashing opportunism. To the Greys the Welshman seems responsible for the decline of their organization that, developing from the Whigs, shaped Britain's course for generations. In 1926 they excommunicated him when he demanded immediate negotiations with the leaders of the general strike. All to no avail. Controlling a mysterious war chest—amassed, it is said, from bargaining in peerages—Lloyd George is the recognized leader of the party in Parliament, where, holding the balance of power, he can depose the MacDonald Ministry almost at will.

Raids by Conservatives and Laborites have weakened the Liberals badly. Today the primary function of their fifty-nine members in the House of Commons is to serve the two other parties with ideas and to exert a moderating influence on their doctrines. Nor does the Liberal party's future look promising. Lord Grey threatens that, "if, when the next election comes, things are as they are today with regard to leadership, the Liberal Council [i. e., the Grey coterie] must fight not under that leadership but under its own organization." Such a split might not only deplete the party's already small representation in Parliament, but greatly affect the prospects of Labor and Conservative candidates as well.

Remarkable Remarks

No one would be bold enough to set any limits to the spiritual power of the American people.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

The buyer of intoxicating liquor is today the most dangerous character in our national life. —SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD.

From whatever angle one views American life, one can see that prohibition fits exactly into the picture puzzle, completing the pattern of our civilization.—DR. ERNEST H. CHERRINGTON.

I can dream of drinks, I can sing of drinks, but drinks I cannot drink. —DON MARQUIS.

The subway is a great blessing; it creates a stimulating spirit . . . You New Yorkers are sleeping unconsciously with 7,000,000 people.—RAYMOND DUNCAN.

The life of the American business woman is the happiest life I have ever known. — GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

All the American man asks is not to be bothered by women, except for brief moments.—DR. FRITZ WITTELS.

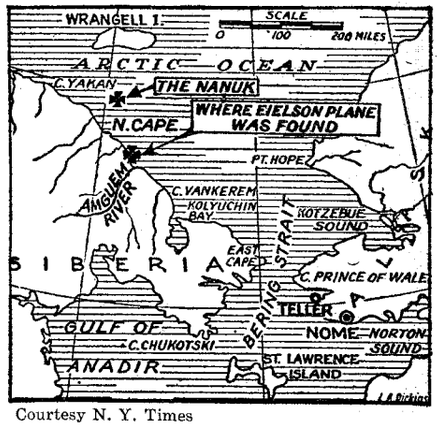
Women in love with me always act strangely.—HARRY RICHMAN.

Californians begin the art of living where we leave off.—ERNEST ELMO CALKINS.

I have had some unfortunate results from having my guesses put out as predictions.—PROF. IRVING FISHER.

▸▸*In Brief*

ALL VERY WELL for the Senate to restrict the privilege of freedom from customs examination to foreign diplomats, but now how are our dry Congressmen going to bring in their liquor? . . . . Asking Spain's military leaders, all of whom owe their positions to himself, to decide whether his dictatorship should continue Primo de Rivera at least made sure that the cards would not be stacked against him. . . . If the wreckage of Eielson's plane proves that flying in the Arctic is impractical, what is proved by the fact that it took a plane and an aviator to find the wreckage? . . . . "Traps, set a few weeks ago to catch a gang of bandits, were sprung tonight, and among those arrested were Harry Busch, Assistant State's Attorney." Needless to say, the quotation is from a news dispatch from Chicago. . . . Speaker Longworth points out that the House of Representatives is constitutionally equal to the Senate and therefore should not be referred to as the "lower branch" of Congress. Maybe one reason why the House is called the "lower branch" is because, as things work out, it is. . . . In view of the reports that Mr. Primo Carnera, Italian boxer, is all wrapped up in the arts, particularly in opera, it seems a little irreverent to recall that Mr. Carnera recently smacked down Mr. Big Boy Peterson in one round.



Courtesy N. Y. Times

END OF THE SEARCH

Eielson disappeared Nov. 9 while flying from Teller to ice-locked fur ship Nanuk

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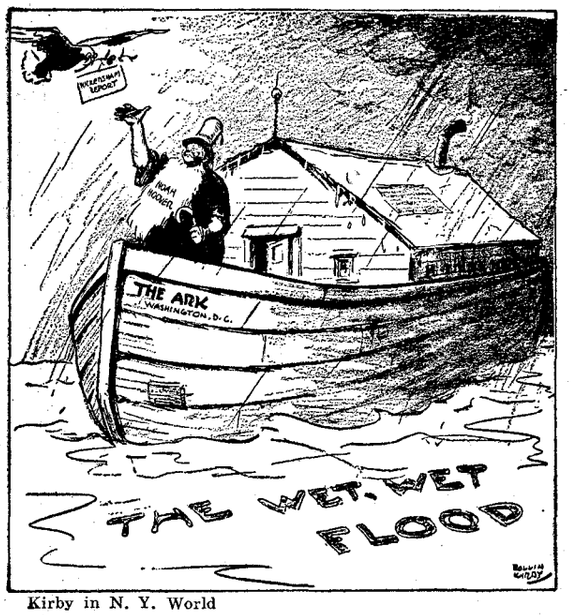
Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE CANNOT understand the surprise occasioned by the news that the President's Law Enforcement Commission will not consider the merits of the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Act. There was, we happen to know, never any intention that it should, even though there were, during the 1928 campaign, such assertions by G.O.P. orators in wet territory. To our mind, the origin and development of the commission scheme prove that it was designed solely to reconcile both wets and drys to Mr. Hoover's candidacy. We in Washington have known this all along, and it is due entirely to inadequate reporting or to the usual desire to protect the Administration that this situation has not been presented in its true and political light.

We believe that the unfortunate William J. Donovan conceived the idea of avoiding the awkward prohibition issue by proposing a commission of inquiry. Mr. Donovan, who served as Mr. Hoover's closest adviser in the early stages of the 1928 contest, was a New York wet, and he realized the dual necessity of catering to liberal Republicans as well as Democratic and Republican drys of the South and West. We know that he openly gloated at the commission suggestion as an exhibition of campaign statesmanship that would lead the wet wing to hope for repeal or modification and the drys for an improvement in the enforcement machinery. In any event, the Hoover-Donovan plan worked so successfully that the Republican candidate carried the speakeasy states of New York, New Jersey and Maryland and such white-ribboned strongholds as Virginia, North Carolina and Texas.

But as the time came to make good the pledge, Mr. Hoover's friends and even the drys behaved strangely. Far from making any move to create or finance the promised commission, they opposed the idea when it was inserted in the second deficiency bill by Carter Glass as a Senate amendment in lieu of the $25,000,000 additional dry law funds Secretary Mellon said he could not use. When House and Senate conferees met to iron out differences in the measure, Mr. Hoover's friends, led by Representative Louis C. Cramton of Michigan, an Anti-Saloon League enthusiast, tried to strike out the Glass amendment. Failing in this, they proposed an inquiry into prohibition "and all other laws." This the Virginian would not accept because it seemed to place the dry law investigation on a parity with a study of every law ever enacted. The Hoover forces held firm, however, and the Senator had to compromise on an inquiry into prohibition, "together with all other laws." This phraseology, in Mr. Glass's opinion, committed the commission to concentration on the "experiment noble in motive" and its effect on the operation of other laws. That, we are sure, appeared to be the President's earlier plan, if there was any, and it most assuredly was the intent of Congress as defined in the legislative authorization. Not even such a clever lawyer as George W. Wickersham, Commission Chairman, will deny the correctness of this interpretation, we think.



Kirby in N. Y. World

The dove and his olive branch

Now Mr. Hoover was wintering at Miami during this debate, but his personal representatives were on hand here, and they labored earnestly to prevent their shoulders from being pinned to the prohibition mat. Meantime, Mr. Hoover's friends were depicting him as quite open-minded. Soon after March 4 there came from the White House a newspaper story to the effect that the President had never committed himself to the Volstead Act, as, in truth, he never has. Though the story gave no authority for this assertion, so amazing at the moment when the President was preparing to name his commission, it was written by James F. West of the Associated Press, who has lately been hired as press agent for the Republican National Committee at $15,000 a year, and it may be assumed that Mr. West did not misrepresent his future employer.

At last the commission was announced, and Washington praised its personnel as well as the idea of the first comprehensive survey of the American system of jurisprudence. We shared the general belief that Senators Glass and Harris of Georgia were playing sharp politics in their insistence upon an early report. With many others we looked for the President to reply that the undertaking was too vast for haphazard or premature conclusions, and so he might have done had not Senator Borah of Idaho joined the politico-prohibition pack. It was then, we recall, that the White House group grew panicky, and permitted the commission to be plunged into partisan and prohibition politics. Incidentally, we hear some members of the Wickersham body take this view of recent events.

Despite convincing evidence that the investigators did not intend to report for many months, they were required to rush to the political front with prohibition recommendations in an attempt to still the Capitol Hill clamor, and were forced to placate the drys with the announcement that they did not propose to study the wisdom or enforceability of the Volstead Act.

In view of all this, most of which is a matter of record, we think it strange that these eminent judges, lawyers and educators should emerge from their eight-months retreat with the very same charges suggested to Congress many years ago by Mr. Glass when he was Secretary of the Treasury, and in more detail by his successor, David Houston. In only one respect is there any serious difference, and that pertains to the proposal permitting United States Comissioners to pass on "casual offenders," whatever that characterization may mean. Mr. Glass and Mr. Houston never recommended that!

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Drifting into Fog ◀◀

An Editorial by James T. Shotwell

"IT WILL be foggy both inside and outside of St. James's Palace." In these terms one of the leading American correspondents abroad summarizes his impressions of the conditions under which the Disarmament Conference opens. This is a sad contrast with the sunlight that filtered through the Virginia woods only a few months ago. Then it appeared that both President Hoover and Premier MacDonald were working toward a common end, that the principles of agreement had been mutually accepted not only by the two statesmen but by public opinion of the nations which they represented. Seldom have the preliminary negotiations to a conference taken place under more favorable auspices. How is it that when the conference meets those auspices have so strangely changed?

The answer to this question can best be given in the terms of the same figure of speech. The fog has blown in from the sea. The naval powers have become too much absorbed in a purely technical naval problem. In their anxiety to reach an agreement concerning the fighting strength of their navies, they have tended more and more to lose sight of the use which that fighting power might be called upon to render. To read some accounts of the Disarmament Conference, one would think of it as a committee of experts in a museum arranging a harmonious display of objects according to their size or cost. Nothing could be further from the reality, and in so far as the talk about parity leads to this conception of the conference, it stands in the way of any real settlement. For armaments are only a means to an end, and unless the end is envisaged and successfully met, the means cannot be safely tampered with. Now, for whatever reasons weapons have been used in the past, among civilized nations today they exist only for maintenance of justice, security, and peace. It is the possible disagreement as to what constitutes justice which remains the one argument for the maintenance of any weapons at all in the hands of nations which have subscribed to the treaty of the renunciation of war as the instrument of their national policy.

The fundamental question before the conference is the political one: when and under what circumstances will the nations of the Kellogg Pact conceivably need to use the implements of war? The Pact itself gives no answer to this, for it states that each signatory is to be its own judge. It is because of this weakness in the Pact that it is no longer regarded as furnishing a solid basis for the London Conference, although there was every readiness to do so down to a short time ago. The Japanese government was not less emphatic than the British and the American Governments in stating that it regarded the anti-war Pact as the basis of the conference. But while it remains a basis in principle, it is not likely to be invoked for anything more so long as it leaves its signatories with no machinery to secure agreement in times of crisis. The need of weapons remains wherever this machinery is lacking. Protestations of good intent were not enough in 1914, and though they mean much more today, one cannot be sure that this will always be the case. The only alternative for armaments is an agreement on the part of nations to confer together over their difficulties.

The fundamental question at London is not one of ships and guns, but of policy. Why do the American delegates insist upon dealing with technicalities? Who is holding back President Hoover? Dr. Shotwell of Columbia University here points to grave dangers

This provision is the missing clause in the Kellogg Pact. It is the strategy of peace as opposed to the strategy of war. The call to conference instead of to mobilization is something that is so straightforward and so simple a device that there could be no failure to heed it in the decisive hour. For if there were a nation that had signed the obligation to go to conference and went to war instead, it would at once bear the brand of self-condemnation and the presumption of guilt.

Fortunately, there is even a precedent at hand in the Washington Conference itself. Had Great Britain and Japan retained their dual alliance, it is doubtful if Mr. Hughes could have made his dramatic gesture of reduction of armament. This was made possible by the creation of the Four-Power Pact of the Pacific, which calls upon the signatories, France included, to go to conference in case of any disputes concerning island possessions in the Pacific. If now the London Conference were simply to strike out the clause geographically limiting the obligations of this provision, it would secure at a single stroke a sound basis for action in disarmament. The naval powers would agree to confer not merely for disputes concerning island possessions, but for any dispute that menaces the peace of the world.

This suggestion was first made at the Honolulu Conference of Pacific Relations in 1927. It has been strongly endorsed by Mr. Hughes himself, and in recent days has been persuasively advocated by General Smuts. France has put it into its program for the Disarmament Conference. The British Labor Party has declared for it in strongest terms. The only member of the Conference which seems to hold back is the United States. It is surely time for the American Government to come out squarely for a measure which would not only permit the Disarmament Conference to clear away the mists of misunderstanding at present darkening its horizon, but which is in harmony with the whole trend of President Hoover's statesmanship.

In any case, it is high time for the country to know what forces are holding back the President's hand in this regard. A hint of the political situation in Washington was given by Senator Robinson on sailing for London, when he was quoted as saying that this conference would avoid diplomacy and deal only with disarmament, that is, with ships and guns; not realizing, apparently, that he was putting up to the navy an impossible task. The navy cannot be asked to disarm unless it knows the task before it, and that task is determined by policy. The blindness of Senator Robinson's remark is disquieting because it is supported by other politicians who, like him, think of the foreigner as a wily, potential enemy, attempting to get the better of the United States in conference. So long as our diplomacy rests on that basis it is bound to fail. It is an ignorant and mistaken assumption, but even if it were true, the outstanding hope for peace would remain the conference method in which nations acquire wisdom with experience and learn to appreciate justice.

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Back to Bonds?

By LAURENCE STERN

The answer to the question at the head of this article seems to be in the negative. A paradoxical consequence of the financial crash last fall is a striking increase in the number of small holders of common stock. Mr. Stern is head of the Wall Street bureau of the New York "World"

ACCORDING to popular assumption, the crushing weight of the recent stock panic fell most cruelly upon that harassed and undersized individual whom the cartoonists have made familiar to us under such labels as "Small Fry Public," "The Little Fellow," or "Average Citizen."

On the face of it, this poor creature, his hopes and savings vanished, has been taught a bitter lesson by what the I-told-you-so school of financial critics call, somewhat gloatingly, the "bursting of the bubble." Hereafter, some of these critics hastened to assure us, he doubtlessly would display greater distrust of common stocks. Bonds, with their fixed return and relative safety of principal, would win his interest again.

The facts do not square with this picture. In the first place, possibly due to the emphatic display which the story of the crash necessarily received in the newspapers, there is a widespread misconception of the part actually played by "Average Citizen" in the panic. Financially, he is truly a "Little Fellow," but he has more of the investor than the speculator in his mental makeup. He was a buyer, not a seller.

During the last year it was a common saying that "everybody is up to his neck in the stock market." This, of course, was simply one of the popular exaggerations of the time. It is well known that thousands of small speculators were wiped out, and less well known that numerous big speculators were hooked for an aggregate loss possibly matching or exceeding that taken by the speculative small fry. The cash sum lost by both classes may amount to three per cent of our national income for a year. It is not significant in our long-range economic scheme.

There is tremendous significance, however, in the attitude of the small investor and of that part of the public which, for lack of resources, neither invests nor speculates. The reaction of the latter seems to have been chiefly regret and chagrin at not having the means to grasp opportunity. Psychologically, the important point is that more individuals regarded the collapse as opportunity than disaster.

At the height of the excitement, when it seemed the market had no bottom, an apartment house janitor said to the writer:

"Gee! I wish I had some cash. Good stocks sure look cheap."

Similar views were volunteered by the milk man, the neighborhood stationer and others. This expression of buying desire was typical and in the richest country on earth could not fail to be translated into action.

During the panic period approximately 181,000,000 shares of stock were sold on the New York Stock Exchange. To the tune of many hundreds of millions of dollars, "Average Citizen" bought a large proportion of the total. Without the slightest hesitation it can be said that he bought far more than the Morgan consortium and was a more effective stabilizing force. His conduct was the most convincing proof of that "fundamental soundness" about which we heard so much. In a rush that amazed veteran brokers, he took over more of the concentrated holdings of speculators, large and small, than did the banks. In a few weeks he swelled lists of corporate shareholders more than had preceding years of effort to encourage widespread public ownership.

The buyers were school teachers, clerks, elevator operators, mechanics, porters, small merchants, bookkeepers, doctors, saleswomen, lawyers—in short, much the type of person supposed to have been immersed in speculation during 1929. Their orders poured into Wall Street from every city, town and hamlet of the land; and in the later stage of the panic numerically exceeded selling orders, an apparent discrepancy accounted for by the lumping of odd-lot orders.

The odd-lot firms learned something about the potentialities of their business. One handled approximately 15,000,000 shares in a period of ten days, and was a buyer on balance, which means that it bought more than it sold. The rush was greatest in the first week after bottom was reached on Nov. 13, but at the end of December the odd-lot houses were still buyers on balance.

"How much public buying is there?" repeated the statistician of a prominent Stock Exchange firm. "It's this way. Normally we have one clerk in charge of the registration and delivery of stock paid for. At the end of the break seven were on the job and three are still at it."

The statistical department of another house, by means of an ingenious study of average stock prices and changes in the volume of brokers' loans, estimates that 60,000,000 shares of stock were paid for and taken out of the market during the five weeks ended December 4, reducing the floating supply to 125,000,000 shares, or about nine per cent of the total stock listed on the Stock Exchange. These estimates can not be scientifically exact and perhaps, like most financial data, should be interpreted with various qualifications, but they unquestionably illustrate a trend.

Still more striking evidence of the manner in which concentrated speculative holdings passed into public hands has been provided.

General Motors third quarter dividend checks went to 140,000 shareholders, fourth quarter checks to 200,000. At the end of the year new shareholders were being recorded at the rate of approximately 1,500 a day, and the next dividend probably will be distributed among 225,000 persons.

For three weeks after November 13 new stockholders of the Radio Corporation of America were added at the rate of 900 a day. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey had 78,000 shareholders on November 15, 94,000 on December 16. Common stockholders of Consolidated Gas increased 12,000 between October 1 and December 31. Packard had 25,971 shareholders on October 31, 54,990 on December 12. In forty-five days Simmons Company stockholders increased seventy per cent. Between the September and December dividend payments shareholders of United States Steel increased by 7,790. In one month owners of Cities Service common increased 37,770.

In one quarter International Telephone & Telegraph shareholders in-

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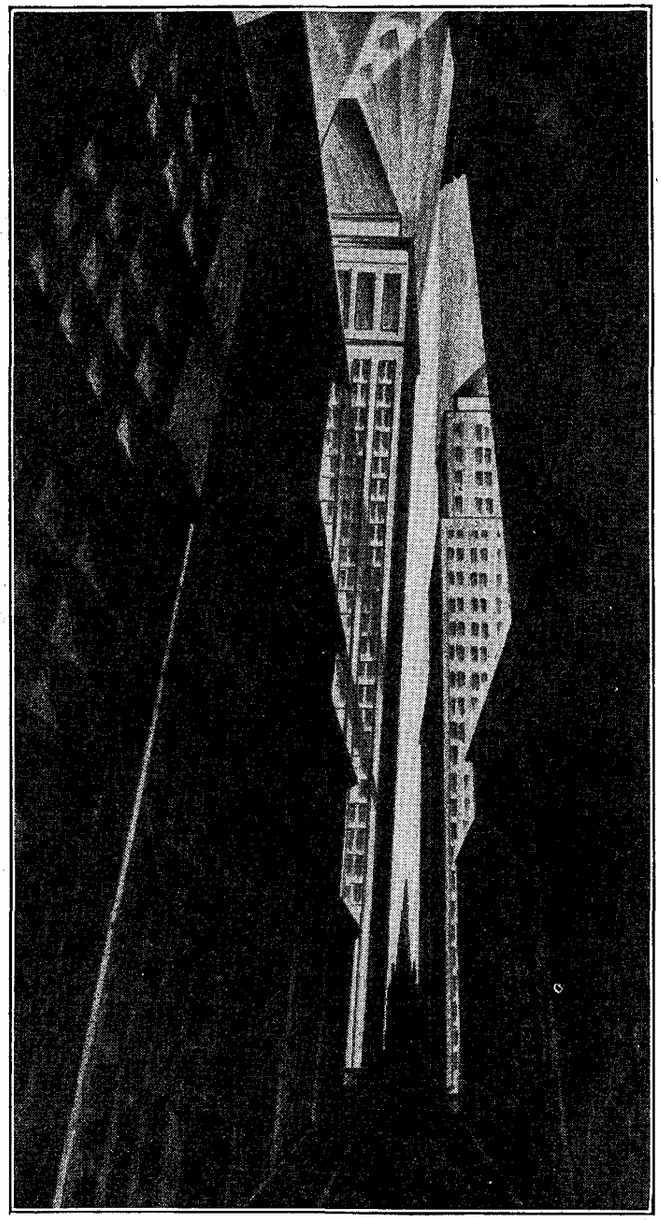
creased 132 per cent from 22,000 to 51,000; and during the same period Commonwealth & Southern stockholders increased 37,000, or almost 100 per cent. Between October 1 and January 1 stockholders of the National City Bank increased from 50,363 to 62,500, or twenty-four per cent. Before the panic F. W. Woolworth had 10,878 stockholders, in December, 20,000; and the Studebaker list went from 16,753 to 23,000; Columbia Gas & Electric from 25,000 to 32,000; Curtiss-Wright from 25,600 to 40,000.

This showing is representative and doubtlessly will be elaborated in the forthcoming annual reports of scores of large corporations. Some of the new stockholders are what Wall Street calls "involuntary investors," that is, margin speculators who have either paid off the debit balance owed the broker or transferred the loan directly to a bank; but it may reasonably be inferred that this class is a minority. Who can vision the possible economic and social consequences of this vastly increased diffusion of corporate ownership among small investors? More immediately to the point, the record appears to show that the American public is still overwhelmingly stock-minded.

And what of the return flow of capital into bonds? Probably the bond market will derive some stimulation from the striking relaxation of money rates, as it invariably does, but the plain fact is that thus far bond dealers frankly admit disappointment at the tardiness of the predicted revival.

In the last seven weeks of 1929, bond transactions on the Stock Exchange amounted to $467,489,000, as compared with $346,295,000 in the corresponding period of 1928, which was a period of abnormally high interest rates. Much of the increase was due to increased volume of listings, particularly of convertible or stock privilege bonds which met with an active speculation. Part of the gain came from abnormally heavy sale of bonds to protect margined stock. Part is definitely known to have represented transfer of capital from bonds into stock investment. While the future may change the story, it is interesting to note that in the week ended December 28 bond transactions on the Stock Exchange, including convertible issues, amounted to only $38,393,000, against $43,914,000 in the same week of the preceding year. For the week ended January 4 the total was $38,742,000, against $48,052,000 in the same week a year ago.

In general it appears reasonable to say that such price improvement and increased activity as bonds have experienced are no more than should automatically follow deflation of credit.



Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

WALL STREET
A lithograph by Arnold Ronnebeck

Opinion will differ as to the reasons for the continued popularity of common stocks. Perhaps the following anecdote throws some light on the matter. A Brooklyn barber walked into a downtown brokerage house at a time when the immediate outlook for common stocks seemed most gloomy. He was equipped with approximately $4,000 in cash and a list of several odd-lots he desired. A customers' man with an inquisitive nature asked his reasons for wishing to buy. The barber named two stocks he had bought in 1921.

"One was split twice and the dividend raised three times," he said. There has been a 200 per cent stock dividend on the other and the cash rate had about doubled. If we have a couple of more panics this year, my profit might be cut to 100 per cent!"

Admittedly, the incident is exceptional, but not as much so as it may seem at first glance. The "bursting of the bubble" merely has carried the average level of the stock market back to that of the spring of 1928. That, it will be remembered, was a time of busy speculation which found many sincere observers denouncing common stock quotations as fantastically high. Excepting the thousands of new shareholders enlisted as a result of the panic, it is undoubtedly a safe generalization that the average American stockholder's investment antedates January 1, 1928.

His experience, then, is one not only of gratifying dividend return but of a paper profit which even the greatest securities panic the world has ever known could not wipe out—provided he has been fortunate enough to invest in a successful corporation.

Only sixteen per cent of the shares listed on the Stock Exchange were dealt in during the panic, and much of this changed hands several times. It is a fair inference that the public's attitude toward common stocks is based on its experience of past profit, a fact exerting far more influence than all of the expert opinions and prophesies harmlessly flooding our press.

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The Scramble for Gold

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

The world seems to need, so far as its stock of gold is concerned, a return of the days of '49. Mr. Scroggs this week discusses some of the consequences of a gold shortage

EVERY investor has reason to be interested in the world's future gold supply, over which there is now so much discussion; for this may have a direct effect both on the price of securities and on the purchasing power of funded incomes. Most economists subscribe to the view that, with other things remaining equal, the general level of prices will be governed by the supply of gold. Like any other commodity, gold tends to become cheap when it is plentiful and to become dear when it is scarce, and the value of the bullion in the standard gold coin determines the purchasing power of all our other currency. When gold becomes cheaper or dearer a dollar, of course, still remains 100 cents, but its value in terms of goods is changed.

Some of those who have been studying the probable trend of gold production in coming years are convinced that the supply will not keep pace with the world's growing needs, and that at some future date the civilized nations may face a serious gold shortage. In that event commodity prices may steadily decline. Already some economists are predicting that a return to pre-war prices may take place within the next two or three decades.

If this occurs, it will not be the first time in history that such a thing has happened. Many middle-aged folk can vividly recall the persistent recession of prices in the eighties and nineties of the last century and the "hard times" which followed. From 1873 to 1896 the trend of commodity prices was downward, and a gold shortage was at the bottom of the trouble. It was a period in which the leading nations of continental Europe placed their currencies on a gold standard. The United States in 1879 likewise resumed specie payments after having been on a fiat money basis since the Civil War. There was consequently a veritable scramble among the nations for gold. The value of the metal was enhanced enormously, and commodity prices consequently sagged until they were finally at a level which produced widespread depression. The timely discovery of gold in the Klondike in 1897 and in South Africa a short time thereafter supplied the needed corrective.

To-day we may be approaching a situation somewhat like that of 1873-96. The countries which were driven off a gold basis during the World War are gradually returning to it. Eleven nations adopted some form or modification of the gold standard in 1925; four more did so in 1926, six more in 1927, and five more in 1928. Japan joined the procession early this year, and Spain in due time is expected to follow. This has increased the demand for gold for use as reserves against paper money and other forms of credit currency. The full restoration of the gold standard by most of these countries through the maintenance of a free market for gold is yet to be accomplished, and before this is done the reserves will have to be further augmented.

There is no immediate prospect that the production of gold will be increased to meet this special demand. The output of the Transvaal mines, which are the chief source of supply, has slowly expanded during the past seven years, and in 1929 it attained a new high record. Experts aver that this production is now at the ultimate peak and that it may remain near the present level for a number of years, but that eventually a marked decline will take place. Meantime, the world scramble for gold will continue.

The possibility of an inadequate supply of the precious metal and a repetition of the price recessions of the eighties and nineties is something to challenge the careful thought of the country's business men and publicists. The trend of prices is at present downward, and with brief interruptions it has been downward for practically a decade. Yet it is significant that in the last half of this period the economic condition of the world has been steadily improving. The prevalent notion that business is good only when prices are advancing seems to be in need of modification. Prices may be declining because business is now more efficient and can produce at lower costs. It is not prices but net earnings which determine the prosperity of a given business.

Of course, if there is no improvement in technical efficiency and a gold shortage depresses prices, the general effect will be unfavorable. There will be a tendency to curtail output, to reduce wages and to lay off workers. The only people who are likely to benefit under such conditions are certain salaried folk and the recipients of fixed incomes from investments. A bondholder or the beneficiary of an annuity will continue to receive the same income as before, and its purchasing power obviously will be greater. The salaried man's income is also likely to be more stable than that of the wage-earner or the business man, and so he too may profit from lower prices. But if the depression is prolonged salaries may be reduced, and even the bondholder's stream of interest payments may dry up.

THAT is the dark side of the picture. It is useless to worry about it, and it is far from probable that we shall experience the worst that is theoretically possible. There may be only a mild disturbance from the gold situation, or there may be no disturbance at all. No one can possibly foretell the outcome, because there are a number of developments within the range of probability which may easily offset the unfavorable effects of an inadequate gold supply. In the first place, gold is only one of the many factors which affect the price level, and within the next decade or two these other factors may prove the more potent. Again, there is strong evidence that since the War the leading commercial nations have been learning to economize in the use of gold for monetary purposes. This will probably be greatly facilitated as the central banks of Europe develop on a wider scale the co-operation which they have begun in recent years to practise, and which may be still further promoted when the new World Bank, soon to be established in Switzerland by these central banks, begins its operations. Finally, there is always the possibility that the gold discoveries of thirty-odd years ago which corrected the depression of that period may be repeated. If gold should become very dear the search for new sources will undoubtedly be stimulated.

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"He threw wisdom to the winds and took a plunge."

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"Well—from then on it was the old, sad story of sending good money after bad—a series of *unreasonable* expectations and heartbreaking disappointments—right down to the end.

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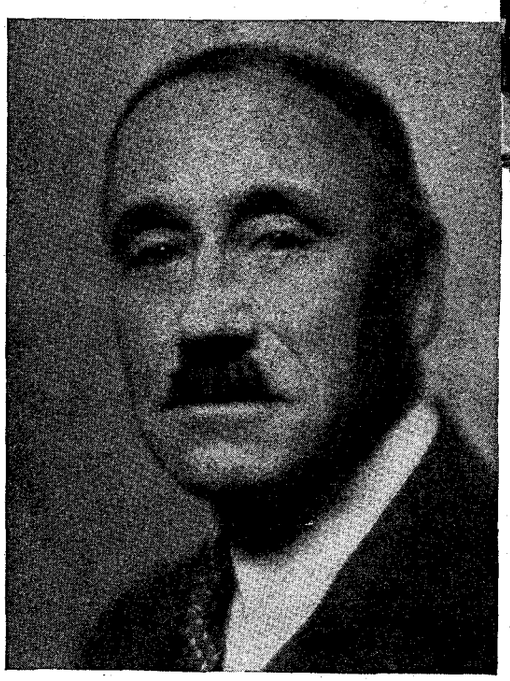

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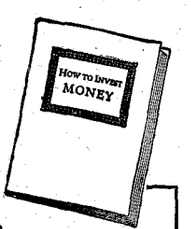

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When the Twain Meet

By GEORGE TREVOR

CONTEMPLATING the unhappy fate of those eastern football teams which were lured to the Pacific coast last month for post season games, one is reminded of the nursery jingle beginning— " 'Won't you step into my parlor,' said the spider to the fly."

Three Middle Atlantic elevens accepted the invitation, entered California's sun-warmed, softly cushioned "parlor" and were gobbled up almost before they realized what had hit them. These eastern visitors found the climate very hot, the turf very soft, and the home teams very, very hard.

Cold figures can be more brutal than lurid adjectives. The statistics of the recent Pacific massacres tell their own story. Southern California 45-Carnegie 13; Stanford 34-Army 13; Southern California 47-Pittsburgh 14—such landslide margins admit of no reasonable alibis, but they do demand an explanation.

As an easterner, imbued with a certain measure of sectional pride, let me begin by conceding that the Pacific Coast, or, more strictly speaking, California, has inherited the gridiron hegemony which formerly belonged to the East and was later usurped by the midwest. In my opinion the star of football empire has moved progressively westward since the old triumvirate—Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—held swashbuckling sway in the canvas-jacketed nineties.

Having seen football played in every sector of America for more than a quarter of a century, it is my belief that the leading Pacific Coast elevens of today are, as a general rule, slightly superior to the top notch teams in other sections. Notre Dame, which concentrates intensively upon its football system and maintains an abnormally high level of proficiency, is an exception.

But even if you concede that the far West draws its football candidates from material that is more rugged and of tougher fibre than available eastern manpower—a claim which many observers may deny—no impartial critic will contend that the disparity between the two brands of football is as great as those lop-sided New Year's day scores would indicate.

What factors operated to hobble such representative eastern elevens as Pittsburgh and Army? What circumstances conspired to prevent these invaders from reproducing their normal form in California?

"The strength of the opposition!" is the retort obvious from Pacific partisans but that barbed sarcasm is only partly true. Admitting that the issue of these games might well have been the same had they been played in the East, it is undeniable that neither Army nor Pittsburgh did themselves justice.

Summarized, the brief for the East runs as follows: (1) The month's break in outdoor training imposed by ice-bound gridirons and freezing temperature retards team development and dulls physical condition. (2) The transition from nippy weather to California's languorous mid-afternoon heat proves enervating. (3) The four day transcontinental train ride is mentally irksome and physically exhausting. (4) The soft, lush, spongy turf indigenous to California ties up the big muscles of athletes accustomed to running on relatively hard, unresilient gridirons.

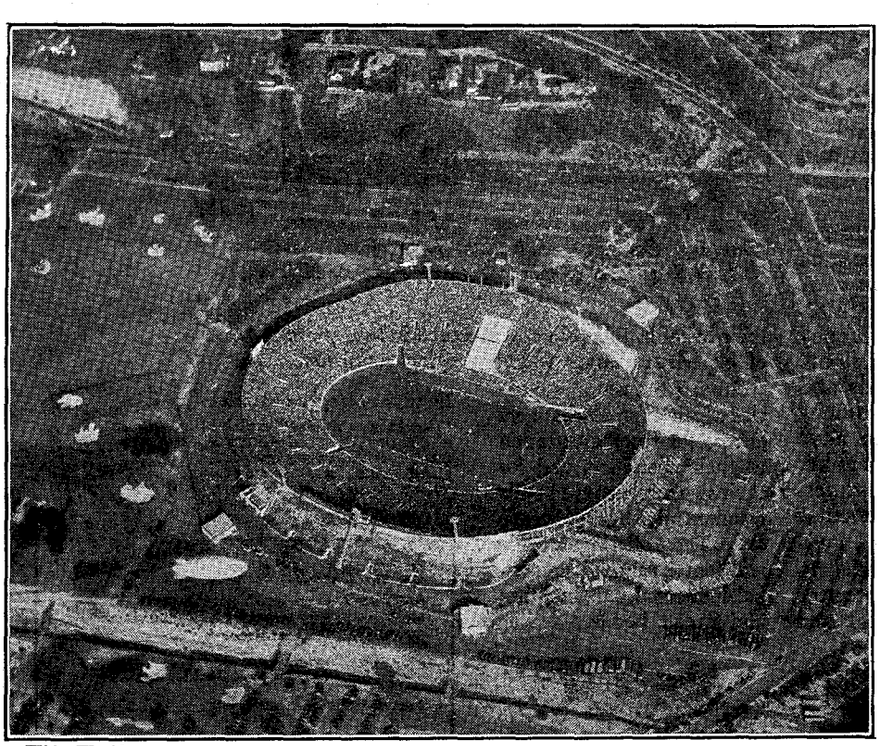
Of these four extenuating circumstances—they should not be construed as alibis—the first and fourth are of primary importance. Eastern teams are hamstrung by their own climate rather than by California's. Continuity of practice is essential if an eleven is to develop, crescendo fashion, toward a smashing late season climax.

By mid-November, the weather along the Atlantic coast makes football workouts unpleasant and uncertain. December brings impossible training conditions—gridirons frozen to the consistency of cement or encrusted ankle deep in mud. Instead of advancing, a team retrogrades, loses offensive co-ordination and defensive cohesion. Practice on the tanbark surface of an armory is no substitute for outdoor work.

Conversely, California's consistently mild climate permits uninterrupted team development. There is nothing to impede the well ordered evolution of a coach's strategic plan. A Pacific team should reach its peak in late December. Staleness is the only danger a California coach must guard against.

Football can be played on the Coast the whole year around. There is no closed season. This advantage in itself

(Please Turn to Page 237)



Wide World

WHERE EAST AND WEST MET
Aerial view of the Pasadena Rose Bowl and the Southern California game

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Lob's Last Joke

AN OLD Lob-lie-by-the-fire of life died in Chicago last summer and left behind him the manuscript of his last bitter-sweet joke. He was Henry B. Fuller, left-over from the lavendar nineties, precursor of the blue nineteen twenties, and his book was the last of a distinguished list. *Not on the Screen,* (Knopf $2.50) he called it, because it has a plot like the plots of a million movies. But it is played in the round and not in the shimmering flat. It is the story of a poor young man who went to the city to make his fortune and fell in love with the rich girl, the daughter of the lady who was mortgaging the old home in order to keep the old opera-box, and who had chosen the villain as mortgagee, the daughter's person to be tendered in lieu of interest. There are the machinations of the villain with a little mustache and a lady friend: there are the hero's speedy successes as a bond-salesman; there is a bathing scene and even an orgy: there is a brawl; there are handcuffs for the hero—oh, undeserved—and speedily transferred to the villain for whose supple wrists they cannot be too heavy. There is, however, no clinch, because the young people who would have been concerned in it are too well brought up to kiss in public, let alone on the screen. But the clinch waits off-stage, felt if not seen. A plot, you see, for the movies. And characters for the movies, too; the American girl beginning to administer to her sweetheart the education which she will continue, perhaps less tactfully but no less forcefully, to give her husband; the dowager, more ladylike than any lady; the villain, night-clubbing with slicked hair and sneering at the hero; the vampire, insinuating unspeakable things. But the plot will not do for the movies, after all, nor the characters. The producers want something new. They want real life. And the settings—not striking enough. And as for the style—who wants dialogue and captions like these? It is too simple; why, it's almost silly.

Very simple. Did you ever cut your finger on a piece of paper? Imperceptible. Paper can't cut. A good deal of blood, though, and not a little smart. Be careful of Mr. Fuller's simplicity. Be careful about his style. You can scarcely read him carefully, he is so easy. You don't know when you began and when you ended. It is almost perfect writing. Be bold and say, quite perfect. Precious? If you think so, read Ronald Firbank, read Norman Douglas, read Mr. Fuller's great admirer, the good Van Vechten. Then turn back to the man who could run rings around them at their own game and no fuss about it: and whose soul, besides, was stored with rich life and with beauty of which they never dreamed. No relation to life? Read what Mr. Fuller has to say about the Middle West, about love in Chicago. A couple of paragraphs, and who has said more or truer in a book?

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved; and next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

The dying speech of Landor's old philosopher will almost do for Henry B. Fuller. Almost, but not quite, for one concludes that the fire did not sink for him. It still flickered, leaping, reflective, ironical, revealing, upon the minds of men and upon their conduct. And it still lit up the face of Lob, touching the edges of his grin, the smiling corners of his eyes, the pointed tips of his ears.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

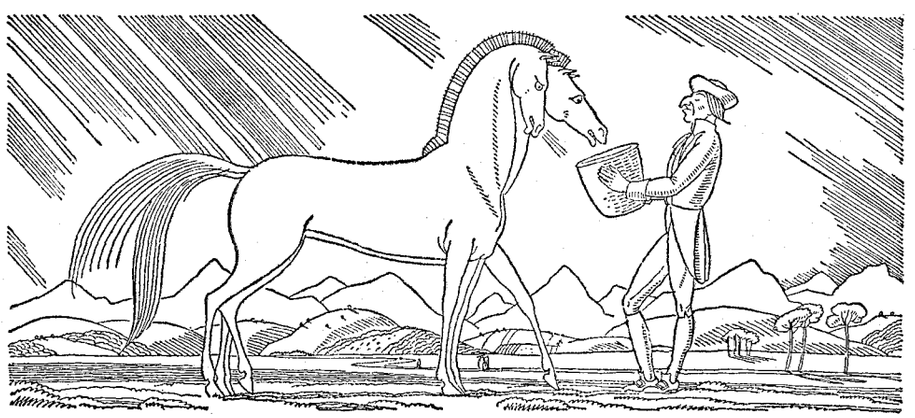

Illustration by Rockwell Kent from the Random House edition of "Candide"

The Week's Reading

Ten Thousand Shall Fall, by David King (Duffield, $2.50), is the diary of the four years which David King, an American, spent in the World War. In 1914 he enlisted with the Foreign Legion, spending on the battlefield four of the bitterest years that ever came to any man. After the first two years the Legion was so decimated that it was decided to send all but the volunteers back to Africa. King stayed to see action at Verdun. One sees the hand to hand fighting, sniper against grenadier, the waves of green-gray German soldiers moving steadily on no matter how many of them were killed—the green-gray sea that one seemed to be sweeping back with a broom. There were the German shells that almost shook out the guts of those it missed and as for the others—well,—"the walls were plastered with blood, brains and bits of smoking uniform."

How the author survived four years of this is a miracle one can hardly understand. There is an impartiality about the narrative that raises it above any preachment. Here we have war with its compound of cruelty, horrors and gallantry all mixed together. The pacifists and chauvinists can draw their individual conclusions from the same text. King writes with the cold passion of a Caesar writing his Gallic Commentaries. Nor does he omit the little things which seem more important to the soldier than death—the cold soup, the resentment

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of soldiers at a comrade who is killed while bringing back hot coffee, the billets on floors a half-inch in water. A book that ranks with *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

WILLIAM FRAUENGLASS.

In *Free* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) Blair Niles has written another study of convict life in French Guiana. This one is frankly fictionalized, and deals with the libèré who is exiled for life to French Guiana, after being released from Devil's Island. The story is always exciting, for the author knows how to write a good melodrama. But it is unevenly written, mature in places, in others so juvenile that one feels that it was written hastily in order to be in time to ride the wave of interest and demand created by its predecessor.

E. Thornton Cook, who has written delightfully of Royal Elizabeths and of Scotch majesties, adds to her list of historical sketches a readable volume on *Royal Marys* (Dutton, $2.50). Beginning with an obscure eleventh century princess, she follows the line of royal English Marys down to the present day where a sentimental tribute to the present princess closes the book. Many of the chapters are fragmentary. Some of the Marys died too young to become matrimonial pawns in the political game; some retired into cloisters. But there is much color in the use of old documents, and some half-forgotten figures come to life again. (Us old folks will be pleased to find the lovely and peppery Mary Tudor whom Julia Marlowe played to perfection, years ago, in *When Knighthood Was in Flower.*) The more famous Mary Tudor is given a substantial and an excellent chapter. These books of Mrs. Cook's are ideal for high-school students.

Illustration by Rene Clark for Poe's "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" issued by the Limited Editions Club

Tradition and Experiment in Present Day Literature (Oxford University Press, $2) is a collection of essays by prominent English writers, each brilliant in his field. R. H. Mottram and J. D. Beresford discuss the two points of view in fiction, Edmund Blunden and Edith Sitwell, in poetry, A. J. A. Symons and Osbert Burdett, in biography (Nicholson, here, would have been more interesting than Burdett), Ashley Dukes and C. K. Munro, the theatre, and Rebecca West and T. S. Eliot, criticism, the last duet the most lively. The essays are so highly readable that they cannot be left only to the professionally interested. Any one who likes books and the theatre can enjoy them. And T. S. Eliot's discussions of experiments in criticism should provoke some comment.

Unafraid, a Life of Anne Hutchinson, by Winifred K. Rugg (Houghton, Mifflin), and *Three Women,* by H. E. Wortham (Little, Brown), published this week will be reviewed next week. And *The Human Mind,* by Karl Menninger, M.D. (Knopf), published this week, and the selection of the Literary Guild for February will be reviewed later by Edward T. Devine.

Behind the Blurbs

NOTHING GIVES such deep and lasting satisfaction as telling people what they should do—and getting away with it. There's nothing new in it of course; the literary punditti have been telling the public what it should read ever since King Saul endorsed the Psalms. But they've never gotten away with it so completely before. Telling America what it should read must be great fun for the members of the boards and the judges of the various book clubs, for no sooner do they make a pronouncement than America goes right ahead and does it. Not that we disapprove—No, no! We're writing a book ourself, and maybe one of them will select it. So here is the list of the February laurel wreaths: Book-of-the-Month Club—Charles and Mary Beard's *The Rise of American Civilization;* The Book League—Jean Richard Bloch's — *& Co.;* Literary Guild—Dr. Karl A. Menninger's *The Human Mind;* Junior Literary Guild — Hulme Beaman's *Ernest, the Policeman;* Catholic Book Club—Lewis May's *Cardinal Newman;* Freethought Book Club—Theda Kenyon's *Witches Still Live;* Detective Story Club—Luther and Ford's *Card 13.* Others to follow later. ♣ ♣ ♣ Back comes backgammon, in a revival similar to that of ping pong and anagrams. And so Holt is bringing out a new edition of *Modern Backgammon,* a textbook on the game which you will soon no doubt be poring over. ♣ ♣ ♣ Two new vols. in the Home University of Modern Knowledge are *The Growth of International Thought*[1], by F. Melian Stawell, and *An Anthology of English Poetry: Wyatt to Dryden.* ♣ ♣ ♣ *Peter Lavelle*[2] is an excellent novel, though in some ways more like a first novel than a third novel should be. Peter, a widower, having lost a leg in the War, is the architect of the real estate development of Tysons Manor, where he is liked, but thought to be embittered, and rather generally queer. He tries to steer Daphne, a wild young post-war thing, into the arms of the honest young Briton who loves her. But Daphne scorns Peter's advice. She thinks him old fashioned—a bit of a Puritan; both of which he is. Then Isobel, whom he had loved in Flanders, comes back into his life. And Daphne works out her own salvation. The book contrasts the generation that made the War, the one that fought it, and the one that followed it. It is also indirectly a defence of the Puritan viewpoint—for which reason we liked it. ♣ ♣ ♣ He who would

1 Holt $1.25
2 By John Brophy: Dutton $2.50

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collect a library of Aviationana must provide many feet of shelf space, for the books on this subject are multiplying rapidly. A new one is John Goldstrom's *A Narrative History of Aviation*[3], which appears to be very full and authoritative, and includes an excellent bibliography. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Once There Was a Man Napoleon*[4] is not a biography; it is Napoleon's career, seen through several thicknesses of theatrical gauze which blur details, glorify personages, and cast over history the unearthly light of legend. It interprets the man, and whether the interpretation is the right, or the only one, doesn't matter. It is decidedly worth reading. ♣ ♣ ♣ If you can flounder through the first hundred pages of *The Pattern of Chance*[5] the second and third hundreds will repay you with the story of a young Englishman who goes out to South Africa in disgrace and there has a love affair of a most unusual kind with an extremely mysterious and appealing young lady, who is also, for a reason which she will not reveal, an outcast from society. In a foreword the author states that he disclaims all knowledge of the flora, fauna, seasons and dialects of Cape Colony, and relies in writing wholly on memories of 25 years ago—which is perhaps why the atmosphere seems so authentic and has so much charm. ♣ ♣ ♣ The Crime Club has brought out the story of Detective Michael Fiaschetti, of the Italian Squad of the New York Police Force, as told by him to Prosper Buranelli. And very interesting stories he tells, though the chief interest for us was the glimpse into the workings of the metropolitan police. Analysis of cigar ashes à la Sherlock Holmes may be all right, says Fiaschetti, but give him the stool pigeon every time. Most cases are solved by means of the stool pigeon system, which spreads through every stratum of society. The title of the book appears to be *You Gotta Be Rough*[6], though some purist among the master minds evidently felt that too slangy, and changed it at the head of the pages inside to *One Must Be Rough*. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *The "Crying Pig" Murder*[7] Rupert Lester goes to the London nightclub of the title with two other gents, one of whom recognizes one of the hostesses as a former ward. Laster sees the girl home, and finds out next morning that she was murdered a few minutes after he left her. The subsequent snoopings and delvings are mildly interesting. A Grade B thriller. ♣ ♣ ♣ The story of *The Death Mask*[8] has nothing to do with the title, which seems merely an excuse for a rather clever jacket; but it is a good story,—a thriller in which no one is murdered, and no one is brought to justice. There are two lovely ladies in Vanderleigh's life—one a musical comedy star whom he marries, the other a mysterious stranger who held him up for 200 pounds the night before his wedding. Then the Vanderleigh jewels are stolen, and the mysterious stranger is suspected. She's innocent, of course, but we won't tell who stole them. It's a good yarn with plenty of suspense.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

3 Macmillan $4.00
4 By Joseph Delteil: Covici-Friede $3.00
5 By Gordon Gardiner: Houghton Mifflin $2.50
6 Doubleday Doran $2.50
7 By Victor MacClure: Morrow $2.00
8 By Arthur Applin: Duffield $2.00

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in present-day Chicago. Full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

All Our Yesterdays by H. M. Tomlinson: Harper. One of the most profound of war books, and a noble piece of English prose. Reviewed January 8.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katherine Brush: Farrar and Rinehart. A tale of the marriage of a New York newspaper play-boy, deft, humorous and touching. Reviewed January 8.

The Million Pound Deposit, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little, Brown. The "King of Story-tellers" up to his usual form in his 109th novel about respectable and unscrupulous criminals.

Non-Fiction

Twelve Against the Gods, by William Bolitho: Simon & Schuster. In incomparable prose Bolitho achieves the poetry of adventure in telling the stories of these twelve.

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. Daring adventures dramatically told for the rocking-chair traveller. Reviewed Dec. 25.

Franklin, the Apostle of Modern Times by Bernard Fay: Little, Brown. An intelligent Frenchman's portrait of the father of the American business man. Reviewed January 1.

Caught Short, by Eddie Cantor: Simon and Schuster. Comic relief for earthquake sufferers.

Parade, by Peter Arno: Horace Liveright. A clever artist laughs our idiosyncrasies into oblivion.

A Book
"Brimming with Human Interest"
FOR THE DEFENCE
The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall
By EDWARD MARJORIBANKS
"A VAST mine of criminal literature. The reviewer, to whatever pitch of interest he may have been aroused, and to what unflagging attention he may have been held, cannot in any wise reproduce the book... Brimming with what is commonly called 'human interest'."—*New York Times*
The Honorable John W. Davis writes: "I have been reading with great interest The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall by Mr. Edward Marjoribanks. It is an extremely interesting biography written in a highly readable style."
Fifth Printing
MACMILLAN ~ ~ $5.00

The famous "Brides in the Bath" trial of G. J. Smith is related here in detail.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

ALTHOUGH WE occasionally receive letters accusing us of debauching American womanhood by printing cigarette advertisements, the anti-cigarette movement is finding the sledding pretty hard. In the leading article of the next issue "Lost Cause: A Portrait of Lucy Pope Gaston," Frances Warfield describes the pathetic career of this crusader against tobacco. In spite of all her efforts the United States is now producing more than fifty times as many cigarettes as in 1899. Another contribution of Miss Warfield's, "America on Wheels," appeared in a recent issue.

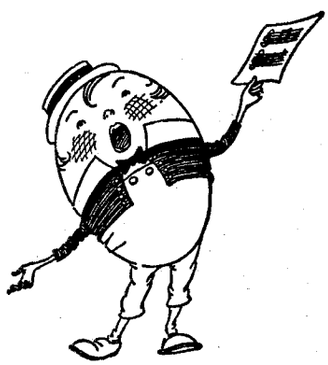
"THERE'S A LOT of law in the end of a night stick." That is the way New York's Police Commissioner put it and, conversation about solving the traffic problem to the contrary notwithstanding, that is the way many policemen set about directing traffic. In "Is Motoring a Crime?" Darwin L. Teilhet, a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent, explains that the trouble lies with the attitude of the traffic officers, who consider themselves to be dealing with criminals when their biggest job is merely to keep things moving.

SOUTH AMERICAN NATIONS seem at the moment to be suffering from a deluge of American-made automobiles, moving pictures and industrial ideas. The United States apparently is experiencing little difficulty in getting its share of South American business. In "The Yankee Invasion," Marvin M. Black shows to what extent American economic methods are penetrating southward. Mr. Black contributes to magazines frequently.

IN THE SECOND INSTALMENT of "Thief's Progress," Mr. Coffey describes the beginning of his criminal career. Need of money led him to steal small amounts from letters addressed to his employer. When the continuance of this practice aroused suspicion, he forged a draft. Although this was not discovered, his earlier thefts were, with the result that he experienced his first arrest.

Nineteen-twenty, Nineteen-thirty

IF YOU will turn your thoughts back to the book-stores, the literary journals and the library tables of ten years ago, you will find a revealing lot of books displayed. Among novels you will see *The Recreation of Brian Kent* by Harold Bell Wright, *The Lamp in the Desert* by Ethel M. Dell, *Mare Nostrum* by the Spaniard, Ibanez, Barrie's *Young Visiters*. You will also see *Main Street* and *Miss Lulu Bett*, *Moon Calf* and *Poor White*. There were readers, you will see, who clung to a familiar diet, saltless pap, canned chile-con-carne, at best ginger snaps. But there were also those who had tasted a long forgotten food and found it good; bread, whole wheat bread, the real, the staff of life. In what was then called solid reading you will find Roosevelt's *Letters to his Children*, and Thayer's biography of him; Brand Whitlock's *Belgium*, *Raymond* by Sir Oliver Lodge, and Margaret Cameron's *Seven Purposes:* also *The American Credo* by Mencken and Nathan, *The Education of Henry Adams*, and Van Wyck Brooks' *Ordeal of Mark Twain*. The recent death of a great American accounts, easily enough, for two of these books, and the recent end of the War for three others. And the other three? They were the first sips of a heady wine.



"In winter when the fields are white, I sing this song for your delight"

Illustration by Marguerite Davis for "Sugar and Spice" (Little Brown)

Nineteen-twenty was an exciting year. The Middle West seemed about to bring forth the great American novel, the indigenous literature. The revolt of the intelligentsia was noticed and recruits were pouring in for the fight against Puritanism. Psychoanalysis grew deliciously accessible. Free souls began to run about publicly in their dirty linen, grinning because they were shocking their grandmothers. (But unable to ignore the relationship.) The black-avised man in the steeple hat became the pupular bugaboo. American citizens began to wonder if "America" and "freedom" *were* synonyms. Whispers were heard—oh faintly—"Is man the slave of the machine? Is industrialism a menace to our culture?" Mencken as Napoleon called forth the loyalties of an increasing and increasingly diversified group. Men, everywhere, raised their heads and listened.

What has happened in these ten years just passed? The vibrant, broken, portentous cry from the wilderness has settled into a monotonous rhythm, raucous and jazzy. The maneuvers of Napoleon's army, unwieldly with green, soft boys, are noticed with an indifferent eye, glazed or scornful according to the noticer's temperament. "The sex boys" as Malcolm Cowley says, "are up in a balloon." The facts of life have become juvenile fiction. Midas has touched the middle-western health foods. Thanks to Outlines and Stories and Symposia, everybody knows everything. "Oh, yeah?" is the great, the universal retort.

Look, now, at the books which are most bought, most talked about today. Among the novels, war books lead, and romances (some of them written in the language of realism) follow. The demand for biography is so great that men whose only qualifications for writing are empty pockets are busy at it all over the land. The publishers clamor for historical fiction, and the picturesque backgrounds of the past are refurbished and set out anew.

These biographies of men who have lived largely and with gusto are not written and read by men to whom no life is worth living. These war novels are not the product or the pleasure of the hopeless. Disillusioned men do not need to disillusion other disillusioned men about war. The hope of peace and of brotherhood quickens the hearts of those that write as well as the hearts of those that read.

What will happen in the next ten years? What will they write, what shall we read? Disillusion—that is the cup we have drunk in the nineteen-twenties, sipping it at first, then at the last, gulping it. And it is a cup that is more quickly emptied than is the cup of hope.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Plays of the Week

At the Bottom by Maxim Gorki, translated by William Laurence at the Waldorf Theatre, East 50th Street.
Young Sinners by Elmer Harris at the Morosco Theatre, West 45th Street.

APPARENTLY, if we are to believe the American translators of Russian plays, the more realistic one becomes in portraying life, the rougher becomes the language used. *Red Rust* as done by the Theatre Guild Studio was rough enough, we thought, to inoculate even the confirmed theatre goer against any attack of the squeams. But not so. Gorki's *Lower Depths* or as it is currently titled *At the Bottom* wins the Bowery derby, hands down. Mr. William Laurence, the translator, uses 'damn' every other minute and seldom fails to preface it with the name of the Almighty. More, every species of American slang is dragged in, to give verisimilitude to the otherwise bald but genuinely convincing narrative.

As a result, you believe *At the Bottom*—and very likely experience much the same emotions which Gorki originally induced in his Moscow audience. But you are occasionally irritated by the over richness of the frosting on the cake, and become conscious of the language itself. The bums and tramps and poverty stricken failures who people the flophouse in the Russian slums talk so much like Bowery characters that they give the lie to the Russian costumes and settings. The play is almost too well translated. Putting this aside, however, it would be an ill natured man who quarrelled with the presentation which Leo Bulgakov and his associates—who include Richard Hale, in a magnificent characterization of Satin—have given the play. One does not need to know Gorki's history or experiences to be convinced that here is stuff taken from life. The bitter, brutal assertions of personality; the mangled, twisted emotions; the hardened hearts and violent passions; the cynical, ignorant, alcoholic asseverations; the hopeless struggles to probe and find an answer to the endless mysteries of life, religion, death, love and the hereafter—all the gamut of the human soul in poverty is run in this lodging house.

Nor is humor lacking. Do you think that here is a drunken fool muttering absurdities loudly? Well, here is another character voicing your opinion of him precisely. Immense play of personality upon personality; magnificent clarity of character drawing in lodger after lodger, tailor after Baron; tremendous piling of one point of view upon another, all struggling violently, pitifully to make clear to themselves as well as others some half glimpsed explanation of the human ant hill,—almost life itself.

Yes, Gorki lived in such a flophouse. You know it. The fine artistic hand of Chekov may be apparent at nearly every moment, pulling Gorki from this detail to that. But the picture is by Gorki, and no other. Even to the dramatic moment when the stage is empty and from the alley rise higher and higher the screams and cries and curses that freeze your blood with the certainty that the long expected quarrel and murder are taking place.

Our own *Street Scene* done in a Russian flophouse, some years before the Pulitzer prize was thought of. Probably, if Chekov had written it, it would have been almost precisely that. As it is, Gorki, in the form of Satin, steps forth in an otherwise ineffective last act to give meaning to, and resolve, the tremendous confusion by what amounts to a deification of Man himself.

It is the propagandist at last. And by that much the play both loses and gains. It gains in clarity. It loses in reality.

But however that may be, Mr. Laurence, Leo Bulgakov and his associates have done New York and the American stage a service in presenting it. First rate minds in the theatre are rare; and their works seldom on view. Gorki is such a mind; and *At the Bottom* essentially such a work. There is only one reason for not seeing it or reading it: you may not be interested in going beneath the surface either of society or human beings. And then, it is Russian!

MEANWHILE all and sundry who wish to skate gaily, slightly erotically and wholly ignorantly upon the surface of American flapper life are hereby informed that *Young Sinners* is in its third month.

It is Babbitt Jr's dream of modern romance—liquor, cabin in winter, Park Avenue egg throwing parties and all. Or should we say little Miss Babbitt's dream? For the hero—at twenty—has seen All and done All; even to taking motion pictures in the South Seas and Alaska. And he is very, very bad (he is such a drunk that his father has to hire a trainer to get him in shape for his romantic week-end) and he insults his poor old rich father, and his sweetheart insults her poor old mother, and both are very hardly dealt with by their parents and can't express their personalities—

Well, it's just like that.

Just one thing is well done: young love's intensely alive, romantic feeling for moonlight nights, dance music and so forth.

And love's remembered young dream or unfulfilled wish is filling the theatre with people night after night who go expecting flowers; and find, we fear, tripe.

To us, it was somebody else's idea of last year's flapper and her boy friend.

The Outlook's Tabloid Guide to Current Shows

*Strictly Dishonorable: Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
Sweet Adeline: The nineties with lovely music—amusing, well staged.
Journey's End: The great war play, perfectly acted. The event of the season.
Street Scene: Pulitzer Prize Winner. Tragic realism in a brown stone front.
It's A Wise Child: Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.
*Berkeley Square: Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
June Moon: Comic strip wise-cracking in Tin Pan Alley.
*Fifty Million Frenchmen: Expertly produced musical comedy.
*Sons o' Guns: A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahoe & alluring Lily Damita.
The First Mrs. Fraser: An uneven Engish comedy of manners.
Wake Up and Dream: A very engaging London importation with Jack Buchanan.
Heads Up: A progressively entertaining extravaganza with amusing Victor Moore.
*Michael and Mary: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
Waterloo Bridge: Well acted but unconvincing story of a soldier boy and a scarlet woman.
Children of Darkness: Skillful and effective prison drama of 1725.
Death Takes a Holiday: A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
Criminal Code: A logical tract on the evils of our penal system—interestingly staged.
Bird In Hand: Whimsical farce by John Drinkwater—excellently done.
Meteor: A fair portrait of an egotist—with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.
Bitter Sweet: Mediocrity all dressed up and no where to go.
Red Rust: Moving Soviet drama—vigorous, realistic, brutal.
*Strike Up the Band: Amusing lyrics, indifferent music—with genial Clark and McCullough.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by theatre brokers.

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In 1924 there was only one day when the sun did not shine in Albuquerque. Every year there are more than three hundred days when it sparkles through the dry, clear air, beaming down upon hundreds of health-seekers resting their way back to health; upon thousands of tourists pausing in their travels; and upon those other thousands who come to take the Indian Detour or see The First American.

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We have a booklet which tells the story of Albuquerque with pictures and with charts; and another which shows you the beauty and charm of New Mexico. They are free. May we send one or both?

The First American, the most amazing spectacle of the Indian to be seen anywhere in the world, will be held in Albuquerque this year on Aug. 19, 20, 21, 22.

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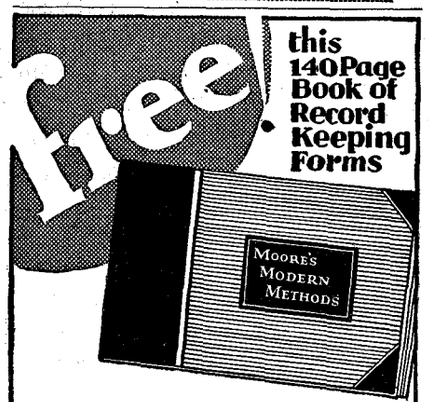

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Seven Days Leave"

AS BARRIE'S little old London char-woman in *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper give two of the finest performances in many months. In wartime London a bent little woman finds that she alone of all her fellow scrub-ladies has no son or relative at the front. Desperately humiliated she "adopts" a member of the Black Watch whose name happens to be the same as her own. To her cronies of the scrubbing brush and corner pub "Kenneth" is a real person. Then, to her amazement, Kenneth comes to London on leave and comes to see her. After much persuasion he agrees to be her "son" during his stay, buying her a new coat and taking her to eat in grand restaurants. In return she keeps him from deserting. Beryl Mercer's little old ladies are always good, but this seems to me one of the most touching things she has ever done. As for Gary Cooper, he too distinguishes himself.

Seven Days Leave is sentimental and a trifle drawn-out, as not a few additions were made to Barrie's original story—but Richard Wallace's direction is sufficiently restrained to prevent any damage. Here, by the way, is a film without even the echo of a love story. Moreover, even the "mammy racket" has been kept in the background.

"Their Own Desire"

Realizing at last that blonde, round-eyed innocence is no longer an ideal among American girls, Metro set out about a year ago to produce a "Modern Maiden" series. *Their Own Desire*, starring Norma Shearer, is the latest. By movie standards of ten years ago it would have been startlingly "modern" and "sophisticated"—but actually it is simply a Sunday Magazine account of the dreadful effect of divorce on the lives of the young people. Miss Shearer's father (Lewis Stone) forsakes her mother for a lady with a dress cut very low in the back. Meanwhile Norma unwittingly falls in love with this very lady's son. Miss Shearer has a good deal of charm and poise and it seems a shame to burden her with such stuff. *Their Own Desire* is another Hollywood attempt to be "sophisticated."

"Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson"

These travel pictures are really exceptional, both as to photography and subject matter. They are as clear and sharp as studio scenes, and the South Sea islanders who appear in the first half are fascinating. The second half deals with animals in Africa.

So beautiful is this film that I shall not say what I think of the cuteness and coyness of Mrs. Martin Johnson who is first seen in striped pajamas, then flipping flapjacks on a Nile river boat, and ultimately stalking a gweat big lion all by her 'ittle 'onesome. Suffice it to say that Mr. J. calls her "Ossey" in the talkie lecture which goes with this silent film. Mr. J.'s grammar, by the way, is rather eccentric.

Sprechen sie Deutsch?

Two German-speaking talkies have already been shown in New York, and *The Royal Box* with Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn, made in this country by the Warners, is shortly to be shown in Chicago, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Detroit, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Buffalo and Hoboken. In this film Herr Moissi rolls his eyes, screams, tears his hair, and grovels on the sofa in the most approved European manner. Moissi is one of those actors who gives you your money's worth.

The other German talkie is *Dich hab' ich Geliebt (Because I Loved You)*. It was produced by AAFA-Tobis of Berlin using the "Tonbildverfahren" machinery. It has a theme song, a backstage plot and a talkie tot who listens to mama's singing. It is one of the dullest films that has been unwound in a long while.

Worth Seeing

Disraeli: George Arliss as distinguished as ever in his old play.
The Laughing Lady: Grown-up comedy in which Ruth Chatterton retrieves her divorced husband.
The Love Parade: Maurice Chevalier making American women pleasantly unhappy.
The Taming of the Shrew: Doug and Mary throwing crockery and pies in Shakespeare's play.
Navy Blues: Bill Haines is much quieter, now that he talks.
The Virginian: A very superior western with Gary Cooper.

Not So Good

Hit the Deck; No, No, Nanette; Sally, and Rio Rita: Photographic reproductions of slightly out-of-date Broadway musical shows.
The Locked Door: All right if you like wild, lurid melodrama.
Show of Shows: Scrappy assemblage of songs and dances

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE HAVE recently been having some trouble heating our house. We were using plenty of coal, but the steam was slow in the morning, it took a long time getting up any pressure, and even then some of the radiators didn't seem very enthusiastic about doing their duty. At that highly critical moment the Hoffman valve was brought to our attention. With these valves on your radiators, say the manufacturers, you can get up steam in 15 minutes, you can have hot radiators three hours (not 30 minutes) after fires are banked at night, and you save one third of your fuel. The valve works in this way: it lets the air out when the steam begins to come on; then locks it out, so that when the pressure drops two things happen:—the steam is not immediately condensed by the returning air, so that the radiator remains hot;—and the system is converted into what is virtually a vacuum system. Now water boils at a much lower temperature under a vacuum. That means that less heat (hence less fuel) is needed to send steam circulating through the pipes,—also, the steam has no cold air to fight, so it isn't condensed before reaching your radiators.

We have examined these valves and have seen them work. It would take too much space to describe how they function, though it is simple enough to understand. They have convinced us, at any rate, and we are going to have them installed. We thought you might like to know about them before the heating season is over, even though our own experience with them is still to come. We'll let you know later how satisfactory we find them.

THE INHATSCO SPONGE is a very fine rubber sponge, chemically treated to remove dirt, grit and fingermarks from light-colored hats, shoes, etc. It is used dry, just as you would use an eraser.

CAESAR'S BODYGUARD, those fat men for whom the Emperor expressed a preference, might well use as togas those 34 x 66 inch towels which Macy is advertising as especially pleasing to the somewhat obese.

IF SLEET FREEZES on your windshield these winter days so that trees and streets look just the same to you and you are likely to turn up the one instead of the other, the Trico Sleet Wand should be a boon and a blessing. It's a sort of wand containing a heating unit which lies against the windshield on the inside, warming it just enough so that the sleet and snow will melt and be easily removed by the wiper. It is easily and quickly attached.

A GERMAN FLASHLIGHT at Wanamaker's, which takes standard Eveready batteries, throws red and green, as well as white light. Just what practical advantage it has we don't know, but anyway, you know about it now.

WE SAW ALSO a curious lighter at Wanamaker's—shaped like a globe and decorated with a map of the world. It can be placed anywhere without tipping over. The lighter part is of nickel and is attached at the North Pole.

AN INNOCENT looking beverage mixer is one that is made with a lip and foot like a laboratory beaker. It has a silver-plated churn mixer, and a strainer at the lip which strains the liquid as it is poured out. It is 16½ inches high.

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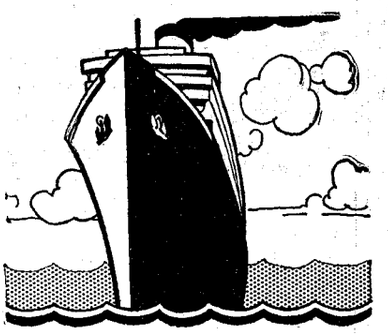

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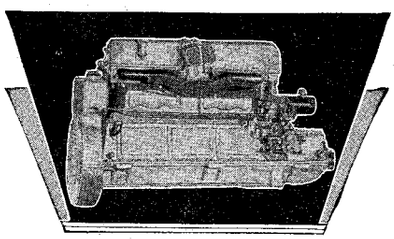

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The River

HE WAS going to die. Even as he thought it he had only to close his eyes and he could see the river, heavy and black and secret as it had looked that night, but moving. It was a queer thing how the river went on moving. Ever since that night it seemed to him it had moved faster and faster. With his eyes closed, he could hear it roaring silently beside the bed where he was dying.

He was a sick man and he was going to die. God knew he was afraid of nobody. But there was this one thing; if he could remember the river, the way it really looked. If he could get up now and go and look at it. He had lived his life in these mountains, and there wasn't a tree or stone he didn't know the look of without turning his head. But if he closed his eyes or held them open staring, it was all the same. The river ran beside him, not as it must be flowing right now out there in the sunshine, but blacker and louder—and louder; and leaping against it like a snake he could still see that remembered line of fire.

It wasn't the killing. God knows he'd used his gun enough—or his ax—or anything handy in an honest feud. No, and it wasn't the hundred dollars in gold he had took off him. God knows it had run from him quick enough and never brought him no good. No, it was the river his mind kept a-coming back to.

He tried to remember what it had looked like that night; just before. Night coming on slowly, and the air smelling sweet. No wind. It must have looked quiet, with still some blue in it. A grand night for fish. He could see the three of them sitting there, himself, his boy, and him—that fellow But he couldn't see the river. He must have been staring at the fellow thinking to himself it was a joke. He grinned now; he couldn't help it, with Death sitting on the bed looking at him. The fellow had stood there trying out his rod, a hundred dollars' gold in his pocket, out on a night's fishing with the man that hired him. And innocent as a baby! A quarter hour later—bet he never knew what hit him. Soft and easy with the ax a-laying there quick to his hand, and the fellow never knew what hit him . . . his rod gone with the tide, bobbing and floating, and the river moving under it, black. No, it hadn't made no noise then. Only when he looked back at it, him and his boy, with the pile of brush and driftwood burning up high, it had looked like there was a hole in the river and the fire a-flaming out of it. It must have been the noise got started then, what with the cackling of the wood and all.

It had never quit. He had thought to forget it. And many a turn he'd made to stare at the river moving in the sunshine, reminding himself how blue and pretty it was. And innocent, like a baby. But it had him fooled. Twenty years. And then it handed up that skeleton. Dug down and lifted it—like a big wet hand, all black and dripping—and dropped it on the stones.

Five years ago it was, and none to make a guess. But he'd knowed then, a-staring at the skeleton, twenty years old and not a shred on its wet bones, that the river had been laughing at him all along. Black and secret and moving, with a laugh that swelled into a roar.

He pushed open his heavy eyes. With his look he tried to straighten the wavering, tottering walls. He tried to give bodies to those faces that hung above him. With strength enough to rend eternity he pushed the weight of atmosphere from his chest and sat up in bed.

"—killed him. Write it down. Night . . . the river. Killed him . . . ax. Hundred dollars in gold . . . branches . . . logs . . . set it afire . . . twenty—five—years—" and although his voice had started in a whisper the sound of it had grown louder until the roar was deafening.

* * * * *

Five years the earth lay heavily upon him and Death had stopped his ears Or he would have heard, perhaps the footsteps that shook the ground above his head.

"An' so I come back," an old man was telling the neighbors. "When I come to I was on a pile of drift-wood, rails and pieces of tree limbs pinnin' me down . . . a roaring furnace, a-scorching me pretty bad. An' I twisted round . . . an' threw off the wood . . . an' managed to crawl out. . . . I knowed he'd kill me to keep me from tellin' on him, so I figured it wouldn't do to let him know I was alive. So when I heard he was dead . . ."

Only the dead man and the river, flowing quietly, paid no attention.

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Boston Sees the Joke

(Continued from Page 211)

but, being socially inferior, realizes that it is not of it. And, too, being essentially Protestant and quite as representative genealogically of the Puritans as are the members of the first group, it looks upon the more up and coming Irish with resentment, whereas the first group, if it looks upon them at all, does so with a contemptuous indifference.

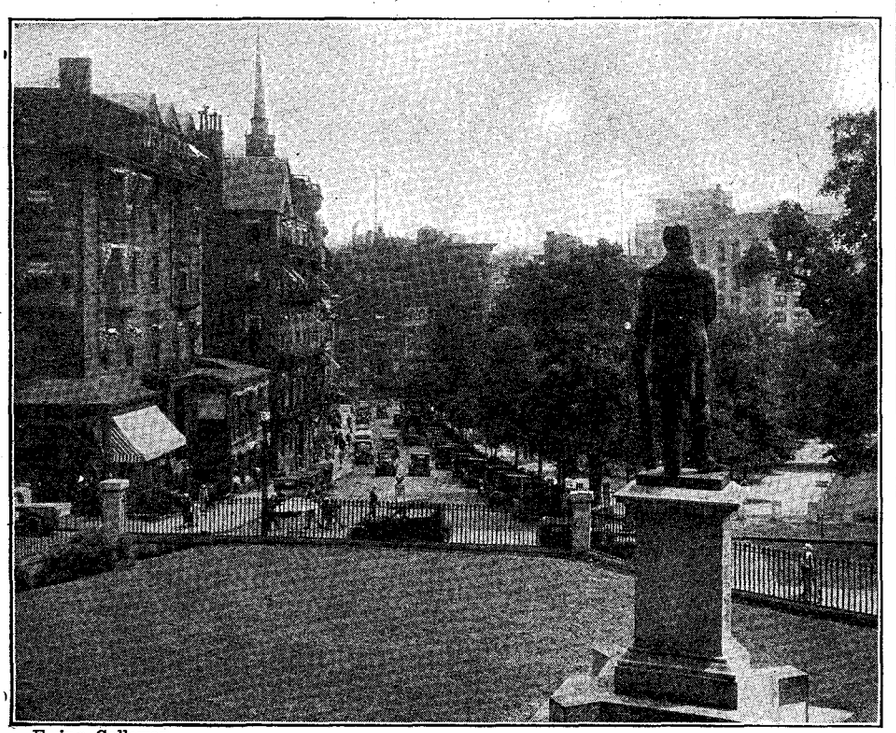
In fact, this middle class group is so large that it may be sub-divided into upper and lower class. The wealthy members of the upper class send their children to good schools and the children sometimes marry a Cabot or a Coolidge. Jews have little influence in Boston. They belong to the lower group in this sub-division, as do the clerks, shopkeepers, the common people, the poor whites of Boston.

In New York, or a truly cosmopolitan city, the three groups mix. In Boston they do not. The first group, by virtue of inherited incomes, has been sufficient unto itself and Harvard University has been sufficient unto itself. The Irish-Catholics have been unfortunate in lacking a great leader.

They have never had an Al Smith. Their church has never had a Cardinal Gibbons. Only once have these three groups come together and that was in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. If Sacco and Vanzetti had not been "reds" and renegade Catholics, President Lowell might never have been invited to become a member of an investigating commission. With groups as distinct, as narrow as these it is not difficult to understand why Boston has been what it is. The first group, so long as it was not personally interfered with, didn't care; the second group, lacking any independence, apes the first, and the third is bound by its deep religious convictions.

So, when Bishop Lawrence resigns from the Watch and Ward it is a revolt in the first group of which the second will take proper notice. And when the *Transcript* praises Mr. Curley, it is the first group and the upper half of the second recognizing the third.

The revolt in Boston will proceed slowly. The New England Watch and Ward Society, its active members of the second group, will not perish tomorrow. A Lowell or a Cabot for mayor are still, ipso facto, preferable in the opinion of traditional Boston to a Curley or a Sullivan. Let those who wish this revolt to prosper pray that Boston's Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers will not thrust themselves into it. Remember, Boston is simply a larger Worcester. The *Transcript* plays up as its second most important news story of the day the announcement that a young man of no marked distinction but bearing a name distinguished in Boston has been selected to succeed Dr. Thayer as headmaster of St. Mark's. The second most important news story from all the world and, from the standpoint of the *Transcript's* limited reading clientele, accurately chosen as such.



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A city, so very local, fears what it terms red agitation. It resents advice from the outside. Should outsiders, Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers become active in this Watch and Ward business they will serve to unite many Bostonians behind those institutions that they are beginning to question.

After all, the revolt against the Watch and Ward Society was not, fortunately, initiated by a Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizer, but by a district attorney, a judge and a bishop. Already Boston senses, via the pocketbook, that the censorship joke is on Boston. That is a good beginning. To make this revolt complete more Bishop Lawrences must disapprove of the Watch and Ward and that spirit of doubt mentioned here must be felt in all classes.

Thief's Progress

(Continued from Page 206)

man who asked the questions tried to trick me into saying he hadn't pushed me but every time he tried I said he had pushed me. Then my father signed a paper and the man gave him a check. When we had left my father said we had done a good job, and that I had been smart the way I had answered the questions.

In September when we went back to school James and I asked to be put in the seventh grade. We were told that only two places were vacant and that two other boys besides us had asked for them; that the four of us must take an examination to see which two would have the places. I made the highest average, James the next; but the other two boys were given the places. We were told that we'd have to go into the sixth grade. James said that the other boys were picked because their fathers were richer than ours and gave more money to the Church. He played hookey for a week. He wanted me to do it with him. I tried it one afternoon and didn't like it. I began getting books from the library again and took one with me every day to school. James asked father to let us quit and go to public school but he said he wanted us to make our first Holy Communion that year and that it would be better for us to stay. I spent nearly all the time in school reading library books. The teacher never caught me and each month gave me a high mark for conduct.

The end of the baseball season in October stopped my chance of making money, and I tried to think of a new way. I saw two boxes of soap in our cellar that my father had taken from a shelf in the store because it didn't sell. I loaded up my school bag with it and went around in a different neighborhood and sold two bars for a nickel. For all of it I got over five dollars. After spending that I thought it would be better to take money from the till when I wanted some, instead of taking soap from the shelves and selling it for less than it would bring in the store. I thought if I took it from the till I'd pay it back when I'd make money again at the ball grounds. I never took more than a quarter at a time so it wouldn't be missed, and sometimes I took less.

When I began to receive instructions about going to confession and receiving Holy Communion I began to think about what sins I was committing. I couldn't decide if it was a sin to take money from the till. Sometimes I thought it was and at other times I felt sure it wasn't. I decided to keep taking it until I found out surely. If I found that it was a sin I'd confess and be forgiven. Then I'd have to find some way to get money that wasn't a sin.

The time came for going to confession. While I knelt and waited for my turn to confess I tried to remember what sins I had committed. I hadn't said morning and night prayers for a long time; I had used profane language; told lies. I thought perhaps I should also tell about taking from the till. But other boys were given spending money by their parents and I wasn't. During the summer I had given my father and mother about $100 and in taking some from the till I only took a little back. I'd be giving them a lot more next summer, too. When my turn came to confess I went in and told about not saying my prayers and the bad language and the lies. The priest had me say an Act of Contrition —"O, my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee"—and while I said it he gave me absolution. Then I came out, ready to receive my first Holy Communion. While I walked home I remembered that I was supposed to be sorry for my sins when confessing them or the absolution wouldn't count and I wouldn't be forgiven. I had forgotten to be sorry, and so couldn't have been forgiven. I tried to make myself feel sorry and did a little, but realized that it was too late to do any good. I couldn't get forgiven without going to confession again and feeling sorry while I confessed. But I had to get home so my mother could cut my hair, because she wanted to do a good job and have me looking nice when I went to the altar. She talked to me about how wonderful it was to receive it—the body and blood

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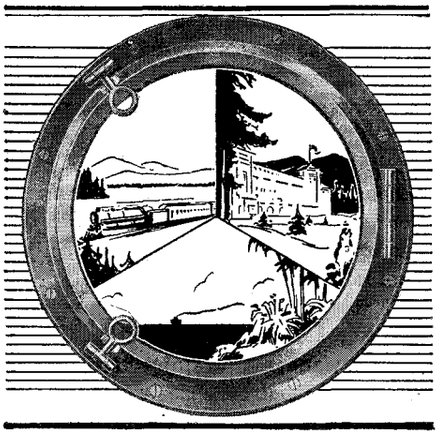

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of Christ himself. She said in reading about the saints she had learned that most of them received it every day because it helped them more than anything else to keep them doing good and avoiding evil. She hoped I'd get in the habit of receiving it often. If I did I'd be sure to live a good life and die a happy death, and go to Heaven when I died. While she was talking I remembered that it would be a sin for me to take communion without having been forgiven. I tried to think what I ought to do. She asked me if I was glad that I was going to receive it. I answered, "Yes! Sure I am." I wondered how I'd feel after receiving it without having been forgiven. I supposed it would be like any other sin and that I could confess it and be sorry and have it forgiven the next time I went to confession. If I said I couldn't receive, and told why, I mightn't be allowed to wear my new suit and have a chance to let Katherine L. see me in it when it was brand new.

I went the next morning to receive. I saw Katherine, dressed all in white, her dark face looking prettier than ever. After the sermon we went up to the altar and knelt there, waiting to receive. While waiting I kept looking at Katherine. She kept her head bowed and seemed very pious. I wondered what she'd think of me if she knew that I was committing a sin by receiving. But it was too late now. The priest came along. I stuck out my tongue as far as I could and he put the Holy Communion on the tip. I drew it in carefully to keep it from touching my teeth. It stuck to the roof of my mouth but I loosened it with saliva and swallowed it. The boys on my right who had already received it, got up and walked back to their seats. I followed, with my head bowed piously and my hands together against my chest. I had thought that committing a sin in receiving might make me feel bad, but it didn't seem to make any difference. Anyhow, confessing it the next time I went to confession, and being sorry for it, would get it forgiven. As soon as Mass ended I went to the corner where Katherine would pass on her way home. She came by with her mother and an older sister, but she didn't look at me. On the way home I decided to make friends with her brother and play a lot with him. When the baseball season started again and I had plenty of money I'd take him to Woodside or Willow Grove and try to get Katherine to come with him.

After the baseball season closed I took money from the till every time I needed some. I decided it wasn't a

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sin because I helped a lot in the store, and didn't tell about it in confession. Each time I tried to take as little as possible, because my father had bought a house through a building and loan association and was having a hard time making payments. The first days of the Christmas holidays I went to a Western Union office and got a job as extra messenger boy. On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day I worked until late at night delivering messages. I made twenty-three dollars in tips. My father didn't know I had the job until I gave him what I was paid as wages. I kept the tip money so that I wouldn't have to take any from the till.

The next baseball season—1905—was a good one for scalping tickets. The Athletics had a good team and won the pennant. Bigger crowds came to see them play. I stopped trying to sell *Items* so that I could scalp all the time, but carried some *Items* under my arm to fool the cops. I gave my father more money than before, and had plenty left for myself. He called me his "Star" often, and said he would make a lawyer of me, and that I'd be sure to have a great future. I was sure, too, that I'd have a great future, and that it would be better to be a lawyer than anything else because lawyers had more chance to be elected mayor or governor.

In June, 1906, I took the examination for admission to Catholic High. Several weeks passed before the averages were given out. My average was fourth highest, three boys from other schools beating me. The teacher said that he was as proud of me as if I had been first, because I was the youngest of all who had taken the examination. I felt a little disappointed because I was sure that I had answered everything right. The teacher said that I had made mistakes in Catechism and Bible history and had been marked low in penmanship, but had been perfect in everything else.

The boys who had been graduated from parochial school the year before had formed an alumni association. They met in the basement of the school and the pastor had donated two pool tables. As soon as I was graduated I joined and learned to play pool. One evening there was a tournament, every one putting up an entrance fee and the winner getting all. In about a month I had learned to play well enough to win the tournament nearly every time. I won money playing nearly every other night, too, in a game called Kelly pool.

My father heard about my pool-playing and told me to stop it. He didn't want me to play until I was through school because it would interfere with my studies. James had a job and wasn't to go to high school. My father said it was all right for him to play. I thought that if I got a job I wouldn't have to go to high school and would be allowed to play. I watched the "Help Wanted" ads in the papers, and got a job in an office—the office of the Philadelphia salesman of Kleinert's Rubber Company, manufacturers of dress shields and other goods. My job

Underwood

Independence Hall, Philadelphia

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was to stay at the office to receive callers and take any orders they might bring. Mr. Dennis, my boss, lived at Atlantic City and came up each morning by train and went back each afternoon, staying at the office only a few minutes after coming in the morning and before going in the afternoon. He left each afternoon before three. By leaving a few minutes after he had gone I was able to get to the ball grounds nearly every day in time to do some scalping and to sell night extras. I kept all I made at the ball grounds and gave my father the three dollars a week that Mr. Dennis paid me. After I got the job my father didn't try to stop me from playing pool.

A few doors away from the office on South Ninth Street was Leary's Book Store. Outside, in front and along its side, stood tables and shelves of books. Usually only one man was around to wait on customers. Nearly every day I went to the shelves, looked over the books until I found one that I wanted to read, hid it under my coat when the salesman was waiting on some one and took it to the office. A day or two later I took it back and got another. As I had nothing to do at the office but wait for some one to come in, and none came but seldom, I had plenty of time to read.

Many of the books I got were about a man and a woman being in love and waiting to get married. I knew what men and women did after getting married. I often wished I could get a girl to come to the office and make love with me. We'd be all alone and there'd be plenty of time. I wondered what would be the best way to get a girl to make love.

(To Be Continued)

When the Twain Meet

(Continued from Page 224)

is enough to account for California's gridiron supremacy. Exercising out-of-doors every day in the year under a tonic sun, California bred youngsters naturally acquire the stamina, strength, and speed that make them so formidable in this game of rugged body contact.

Eastern elevens which hope to make a decent showing on the Coast should abandon past season contests and trek westward one week after their regular schedule closes. By so doing they would avoid that snowbound interlude of thirty days during which they lose the feel of body contact, become rusty on their assignments, and, most vital of all, grow leaden-footed.

In the last analysis, football is a game of legs. Had you browsed around the Army and Pittsburgh dressing rooms after those twin routs, you would have heard the recurrent wail—"No legs, no legs."

"We had no legs under us out there today," Trainer Wandle of West Point told the writer. Jack Sutherland, Pittsburgh coach, later echoed this sentiment. The month's lay-off and the mushy turf were the two factors responsible for this lack of leg drive.

Boys who have played all year on firm, tightly packed fields flounder about as though on a treadmill when they dig their cleats into California's cushiony grass. They might as well be wearing ankle fetters.

It takes more than ten days to accustom leg muscles to this softer surface. In this connection it is significant that Southern California overwhelmed Pittsburgh through the medium of forward passes completed just beyond the Panther secondaries. Speed of foot made these passes click. The western receivers beat the eastern defenders in a race for the ball. Half a stride means the difference between touchdowns and incompletions. Pittsburgh's backs, normally fleet-footed, were made to look like dray horses because of that month's vacation and the featherbed Rose Bowl turf.

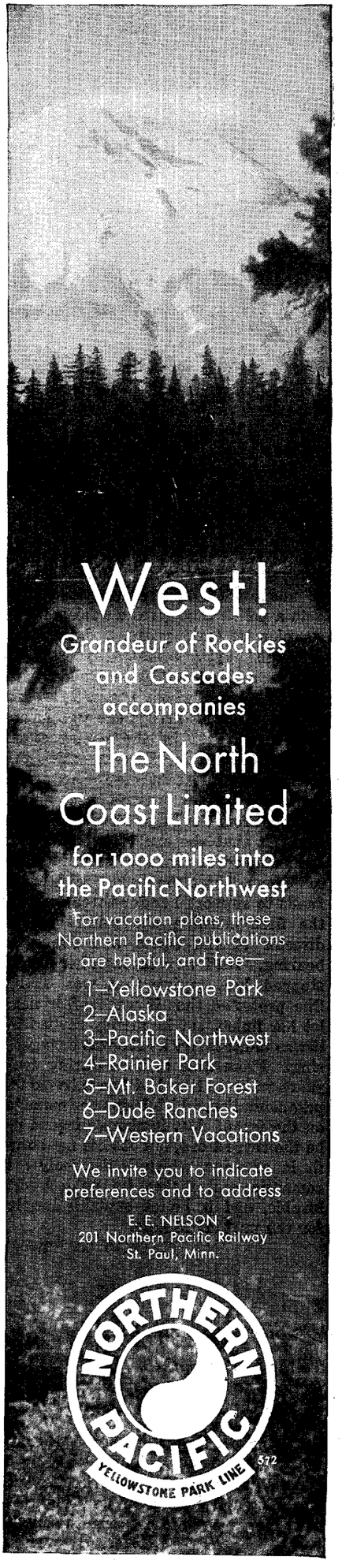
The transcontinental train ride alibi loses much of its plausibility when you recall how Stanford and Oregon State smothered Army and N. Y. U. in New York City two years ago. Evidently those four nights in the sleeping cars didn't soften up the westerners.

From the trainers' standpoint, however, it is easier to bring a team east than to take one west. The shift from California's balmy climate to the bracing Atlantic cold has a tonic effect on football players, whereas the transition from eastern December weather to Pacific sunshine caused a physical "let down."

West Point struck a piping hot afternoon at Palo Alto for the Stanford game. The regulars wilted quickly. Army's understudies were below par. There is a moral here. No eastern team should attempt a Pacific junket unless it has reserves who measure up to varsity standards.

Pittsburgh encountered the usual semi-tropical heat at Pasadena. The easterners flopped about the field like oysters in a copper chafing-dish. It is significant that southern elevens, accustomed to playing under a broiling sun before a shirt-sleeved audience, have yet to lose a Rose Bowl game. When Alabama wore down a potentially superior Washington eleven it was the

(Please Turn to Page 239)



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With Our Readers

La Jeritza

Alameda, Calif.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Mr. Pitts Sanborn, who probably knows far more of musical criticism than I do, makes some biographical statements which trouble me. He says that Maria Jeritza "mastered harmony, counterpoint, fugue, instrumentation and composition." If so she stands alone among Prima Donnas who are usually what the Germans call "Dum," a word which we have bodily imported into our language. Singers are scarcely ever musicians and they have no need to be so. Singing depends on having an accurate ear, a good voice and a strong physique. Nothing else is needed. Patti learnt her parts like a parrot. Of course by the time a Prima Donna gets among the public she mixes so much with cultured people that she gets a polish that gives a misleading impression of early years, and thus some snobbish myth arises. My story of Jeritza is far prettier and adds to the glamor of one whom I greatly admire. Like most great artists she was born of humble parents in the manufacturing town of Brunn in Moravia, which prior to the late unpleasantness formed part of Austria. I know Austria well, and the Danube from the Black Forest to Vienna. She felt that she could sing and learnt one Aria so well that she determined to go to Vienna. There she arrived with enough funds to support her for three days. On the first morning she sought out the director of the Opera and obtained a hearing. Half way through her song he stopped her, saying that was enough. She protested that it was unfair not to let her finish, but he merely replied that it was unnecessary as she was engaged to sing. From time to time during recent years we have heard of her extreme temperamentalism which keeps her managers on the jump. Mr. Sanborn's legend may be the correct one, but it does not so well fit in as mine, which is decidedly more romantic and makes its subject more lovable, and it better explains her love for the part of Minnie.

COURTNEY ROWLAND

Skirts and the Stage

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The proper length of a skirt, of course, must, of necessity, be judged by its beauty, its protective qualities, its practicability and purpose of its design. Let it be long enough to preserve the mystery of feminity, yet short enough to disclose some glimpse of contour; and in this, it will be serviceable, beautiful, healthful and popular with both those who have legs and those whose lower extremities are known as limbs. That length, in my opinion, should be about half way between the ankle and the knee, for street. True it may be an inch or so shorter for sports wear, and, on the other hand, a few inches longer for evening wear. It may have its ruffles, its flounces, its uneven hem, to give grace and line to the movement, especially in dancing. There never was an uglier sight than the girl whose skimpy frock pulled up from the postures in the dance to display stocking tops, flesh, garters and lingerie.

I unhesitatingly, aline myself in the ranks of those who are for longer skirts for general wear. The stage, with its magic of lights, color and exotic glamour, is the atmosphere for abbreviated costumes. There, separated from the audience by that invisible barrier—the footlights—the display of feminine beauty is glorified. Short skirts are the correct attire for most types of stage dancing. . . . And right here let me say very definitely: The girl on the stage is more modestly covered in her dancing costumes than many of her short skirted audience.

Let us have skirts the proper length to heighten the alluring feminine beauty rather than have it cheapened by vulgar display. . . .

NED WAYBURN

Valls vs. Mexico

San Antonio, Texas

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I not only enjoy your magazine but am an active "supporter." With the passing of so many of the independent newspapers and the attitude of the present ones to print only what will sell, a magazine such as yours, that will publish articles on both sides of present-day questions giving the plain, unvarnished truth, is to be cherished.

I wish at this time to call your attention to an article that appeared recently in your magazine, the account of the controversy over the threatened arrest of Ex-President Calles by District Attorney Valls at Laredo, Texas. The general effect of the article was that Mr. Valls was attempting to get publicity, which is incorrect. Those of us that know Mr. Valls can assure you he is a man of courage who was only doing his duty as he saw it. Publicity is the last thing he wanted. This little incident is typical of him. He served with distinction as district attorney for a number of years and upon the creation of a new district court was appointed its first judge. After serving as such for a short time, he resigned when the office of district attorney again became vacant, taking an appointment to his old position and a less remunerative one at that. Out of fairness to him and the people of Laredo, I think you should obtain from a reliable source an impartial account of the whole matter and publish it. In fact, you would be very much interested in what he has to say in the premises.

R. N. GRESHAM

Prohibition as a Commandment

Highland Park, Michigan

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Will you please ask Mr. Cockrell to mention any one THOU SHALT NOT that was entirely successful?

Even those made by Moses said to have been given by the Divine are not entirely effective. Tell him not to try and fool the people by trying to prove that PROHIBITION can not be enforced at least as well as any other THOU SHALT NOT.

If editors and writers would turn in and help to enforce the law instead of trying to belittle it, it would show better citizenship and help to make all law more efficient.

E. J. QUACKENBUSH

The Naval Conference

Columbus, Ohio

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

As England presents High Commissioners from all but Cairo and Palestine, why do we not hear the French Commissioner from Madagascar, and one from Cameroon? Why do not we present delegates from the Philippines, Porto Rico, Chicago and the South Pole? Couldn't the Japanese have one from Korea?

As the same national air suffices for England and the United States, what chance has the rest of the world? Now, judging from the past experience in Anglo-Saxon logic, that makes me a full-blood Japanese, and so incapable of seeing the truth.

ROBERT E. PFEIFFER

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▶▶"*A Rose to the Living*"

Stovall, North Carolina

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

As "a rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreathes to the dead" allow me to say here and now—while you are yet alive and well—that for every "BRICK-BAT" that is hurled at your honorable head, on account of your criticism regarding the "preechers and wimmen" in the last National Election Campaign—there will be a thousand roses laid upon your editorial desk.

More power to your pen—more strength to your arm—more subscribers to your admirable magazine—until you may help bring about the dawn of the day when "no man may be criticized on account of his religious belief—when he tries faithfully to walk with his God" or classed as an enemy to the cause of "true temperance" because he dares to be honest in his analysis of the working of the Volstead Act—a law which has done more damage to the morals of this nation, than whiskey legally sold has ever done.

One by one the Nations of the world have abandoned the attempt at Prohibition until only Finland—Prince Edward Island and the United States of America are left groping in the dark. Al Smith was right—the world knows he was right—he was just "too honest" that's all.

But it wasn't his views on Prohibition that defeated him—it wasn't his immigration policy—it wasn't his tariff views—it wasn't his views on armament or disarmament—it wasn't his foreign policy—none of these things, Mr. Editor, contributed to the defeat of that great tribune of the people—who was sound on principle, programme and past performance.

The Republican Party of these United States would now be holding Al Smith as President of the U. S. A. responsible for the greatest stock market smash in all the annals of history—if he had not been a communicant of the Roman Catholic Church.

Virginia has seen the error of her way and turned her foot-steps homeward—one by one all of the erring sisters will come back to the home of their fathers (The Democratic Party) after having followed religious fanatics and teachers of false doctrines right into the camp of The Republican Party.

Mr. Hoover said he would abolish poverty—make the farmer happy and the country dry. The Republican Leaders claimed that the G. O. P. had a "patent right" on prosperity. What about it Mr. Editor? Thirty five billions of dollars wiped out—greatest financial crash in all history and that while Hoover was President and Mellon, greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton's time (?), was Secretary of the Treasury. Net result to date—: Millions of people poverty-stricken—the farmer betwixt "the devil and the deep blue sea"—and the country wet as a drowned rat.

Republican prosperity? — Republicans enforcing prohibition? Of course not. And how? Well I will tell you—"Mr. Raskob is the cause of it all." That is according to the Catholic hating—whiskey-guzzling prohibitionists who attribute every thing bad to Al Smith and his able lieutenant John J. Rascob (tho neither hold office of any kind) and who take credit for "every good thing" as being wrought by the Methodist Church and the Republican Party. Church religion and Republican prosperity—that's the stuff to fill Hades and the poor-houses. Let 'em "stew in their own juice—" they have Hoover, Prohibition and Prosperity and Raskob to "lay things on" and that ought to satisfy any body.

So I hand you a rose Mr. Editor "as a rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreathes to the dead." Your magazine is well printed—ably edited and all in all is an outstanding contribution to the literature of our day.

WILLIAM T. GREGORY

P. S. I still have on hand a few of those Number Six hats for Southern Ministers who advised White Women to vote the Republican Ticket. (Adv.)

When the Twain Meet

(Continued from Page 237)

boys from chilly Seattle who withered on the vine.

If cold-blooded easterners insist upon bearding the spider in this California parlor why don't they stipulate that the game be played at night? Pasadena evenings are uniformly cool and the Rose Bowl gridiron is flood-lighted.

Meanwhile, your Native Son, licking his chops with ill concealed gusto, paraphrases Kipling in this Sardonic vein—

"Oh East is East and West is West
but when the Twain do meet
The West brings home the bacon
and the East explains defeat."

The End of an Era

(Continued from Page 209)

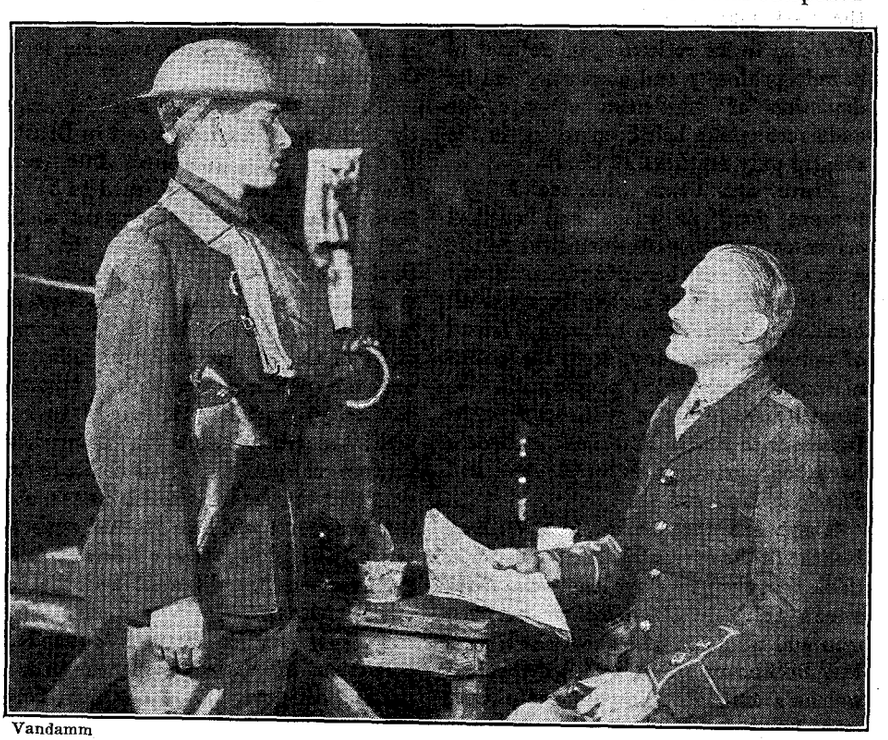
having been successful, the revolters now are asking, "What next?" and trying to frame a satisfactory answer to their question.

These are not the only signs of a change in the public temper. Let us list categorically a few others, less specific and in some cases more debatable:

The excitement about sex problems seems to be abating somewhat; now that perversions have become almost a matter of common talk, what news is there left in the subject? It is becoming an old story, and we quickly tire of old stories. One need not be surprised, then, that Bertrand Russell's *Marriage and Morals* has caused less of a stir than Judge Lindsay's *Companionate Marriage*—in the more sophisticated circles, at least.

The vogue of the new psychologies is declining: if you doubt this, compare the attitude of the average intelligent dinner-table group of today toward behaviorism or Gestaltism or the Adler theories, let us say, with that of the same group two or three years ago.

The enthusiasm for brutal outspoken-



Vandamm

A SCENE FROM "JOURNEY'S END"
The success of this play is due in part to its reticence

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ness on the stage is perhaps ebbing: was not part of the triumph of *Journey's End* due to its reticence, its refusal to parade profanity and obscenity, and its depiction of gentlemen at war for audiences which had been seeing in the theatre only muckers at war?

There are those who see in the present flood of plays and musical comedies of a romantic-historical nature a sign that we are becoming less satisfied that the romance of earlier days was all bunk. What a far cry it is, said a friend of mine the other day, from the patronizing air with which people read *The Mauve Decade* to the sentimental wistfulness with which New York audiences have been greeting *Sweet Adeline* and *Sherlock Holmes!*

There are those who, like William Bolitho in the current issue of *Harper's*, think that the new skirt length indicates a new trend in the relations between men and women. The short skirt, says Mr. Bolitho in effect, was a symbol of woman's intimate companionship with man on a basis of friendly but unromantic comradeship, and the longer skirt is a token of her withdrawal to become once more the goal of a romantic quest. Again romance is in the offing.

Finally, there may be significance in the dawning of a new interest in Russia. For years even the most intelligent Americans steadfastly refused to be interested in the hugely important social and economic experiments of the Soviets, but now American tourists are swarming to Moscow, deputations of business men are giving their impressions of the Soviet system in industry, and the public is beginning (though gradually) to take notice and to ask what the truth about the Communist venture really is. It is reasonable to expect that this interest will increase, and that the result will be a further weakening of the philosophy of *laissez-faire* and a somewhat different attitude toward business.

I fully realize that this random collection of varied evidence proves nothing conclusively. I do think, however, that it indicates pretty clearly that we are on our way toward a time when cynicism and disillusion will be less general among thoughtful people; when the debate on the problems of sex will drop out of the headlines; when there will be less interest in debunking religion than in finding a religion or religions which will satisfy the unchurched; when new scientific doctrines, particularly in the field of psychology, will meet with somewhat more cautious acceptance; when people will expect politics to be something more than the mere handmaid of business, and when business itself will be regarded with a more critical and analytical mind.

To say what the new era will be is far more difficult than to say what it will not be. Nor would I give the impression that I think the new era will necessarily be better than that which preceded it. It may be a great deal worse for all I know. All I can feel reasonably sure of is that it will not be like the Post-War Era, and that a chapter in the history of the American mind has now come to the end of its last page.

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